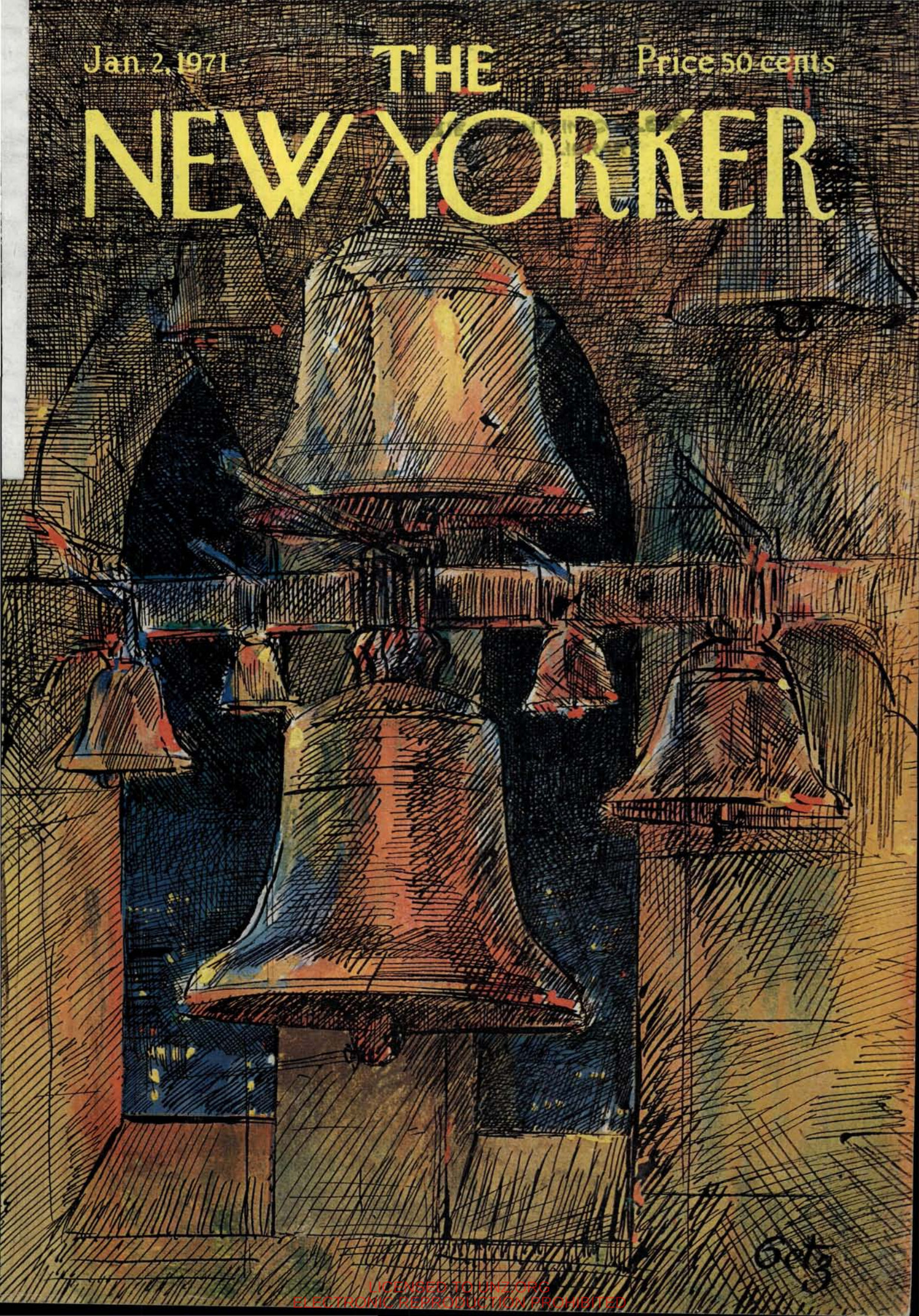
Jan. 2, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Walk in the footsteps of Christopher Columbus.
Golf at 13 championship courses.
Dance all night to a non-stop Goombay drum.
Or just do nothing.

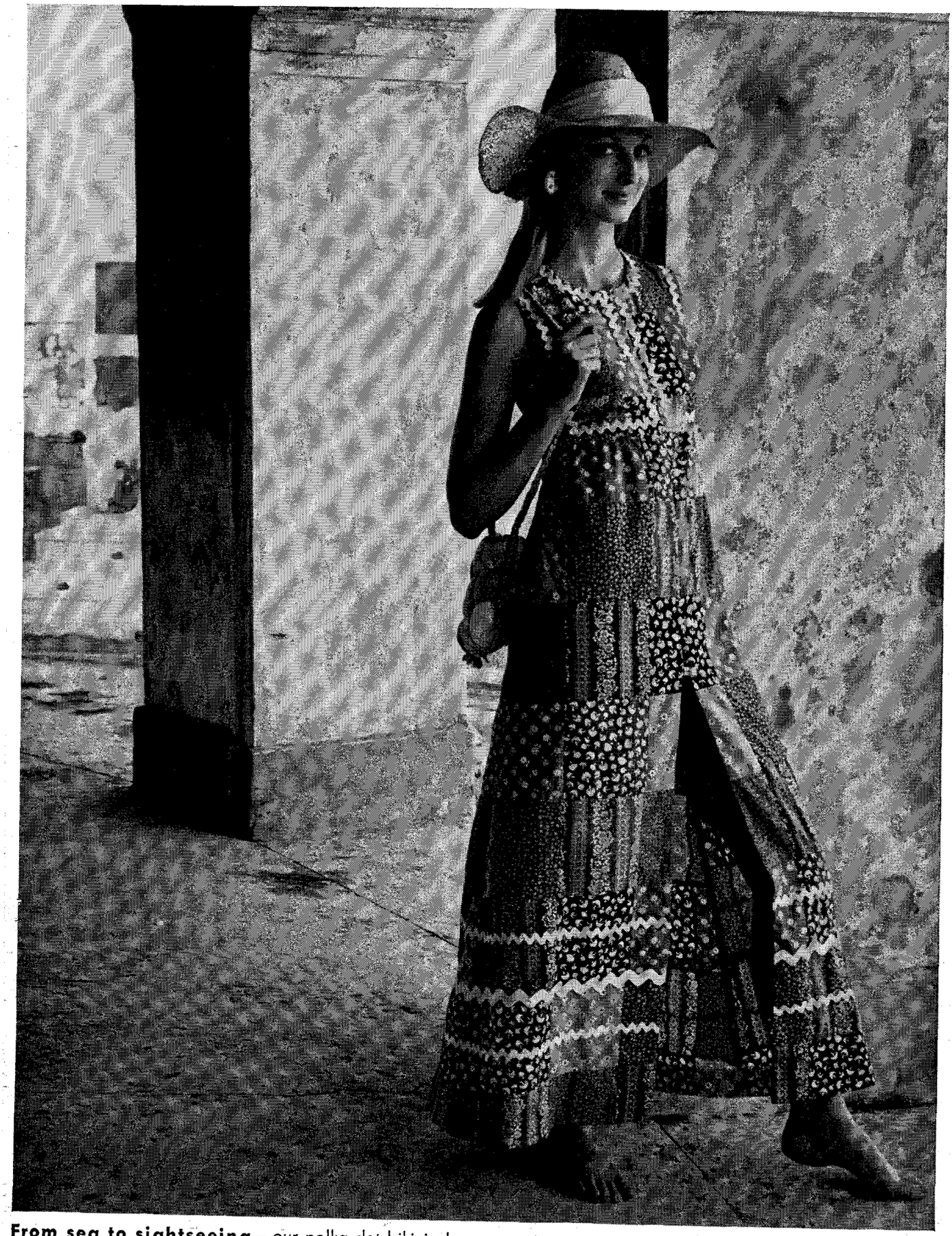
Of all the things you can do in the world, you can do more of them in the

BAHAMAS

Nassau · Freeport · 700 Out Islands

*Bahama Islands Tourist Office. 100 South Biscayne Boulevard. Miami. Florida

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From sea to sightseeing—our polka dot bikini plus companion in patches covers the southern scene. Bob Cunningham designs both just for Lord & Taylor in cotton, sizes 6 to 14. Red and white print bikini, 19.00 Many-color coverup, sizes S, M, L, 55.00 North and South Shop, at all Lord & Taylor stores

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ One of the major changes for the new year, as of Monday, Jan. 4, is that for all Broadway, and some Off Broadway, shows the evening curtain time will be at 7:30. And most matinées will start at 2. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays, except Dec. 31-Jan. 3, at 8.)

BOB AND RAY-THE TWO AND ONLY—A delightful evening of skits about radio and TV by two stars of radio and TV, cunningly directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and matinées at 2.)

BOESMAN AND LENA—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40—at 7:30 starting Jan. 5—and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE CARPENTERS—A play by Steven Tesich, with Vincent Gardenia and Alice Drummond. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 16.)

CONDUCT UNBECOMING—A melodrama falling somewhere between Kipling and Agatha Christie, set in nineteenth-century India and superbly acted by a large cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)

THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Dec. 31, at 8:40; Fridays, Saturdays, and New Year's Eve at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. No performance at 10:30 on New Year's Day.)

A DREAM OUT OF TIME—An overwrought and tiresome drama about a Jewish family in this city. With Sam Levene. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowry. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FOREPLAY—A sentimental and proselytizing homosexual drama, but with one good scene and two good actors, Sam Stoneburner and Alan Castner. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8:30; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

THE GINGERBREAD LADY—In which the playwright, Neil Simon, puts a reformed alcoholic through a rather too carefully carpentered wringer. Ably acted by Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)

HAMLET—The last three in a series of performances by the Oxford and Cambridge Shakespeare Company, directed by Jonathan Miller. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, at 8:30.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 5, evening curtain times at 7:30, and Saturday matinées will be changed to 2.)

HOME—Four lonely people in a vast, decrepit English madhouse find life well worth getting on with. A brilliant play by David Storey, superbly enacted by Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Mona Washbourne, and Dandy Nichols, under the direction of Lindsay Anderson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)

JACK MACGOWRAN IN THE WORKS OF SAMUEL BECK-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN		15
"THE DEATH OF EDWARD LEAR"	*Donald Barthelme*	21
"THE HOLY FAMILY"	*Charles Garber*	22
"THE LOVEPET" (POEM)	*Ted Hughes*	24
PROFILES (STAPLETON, NEBRASKA)	*Berton Roueché*	29
"NEW YEAR" (POEM)	*Sheldon Flory*	30
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY)	*Edith Oliver*	42
THE ART WORLD	*Harold Rosenberg*	44
THE CURRENT CINEMA	*Pauline Kael*	48
"FOR MR. REED OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD" (POEM)	*Stephen Sandy*	51
U.S. JOURNAL: PINELLAS COUNTY, FLORIDA	*Calvin Trillin*	52
MUSICAL EVENTS	*Winthrop Sargeant*	57
BOOKS	*Edmund Wilson*	59
BRIEFLY NOTED		62

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., Frank Modell, James Stevenson, Edward Koren, William Steig, Alan Dunn, Mischa Richter, Stan Hunt, Charles Saxon, William O'Brian, Lee Lorenz, Joseph Mirachi, Ed Fisher, George Price, Donald Reilly, George Booth, Warren Miller*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 46, January 2, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ETT—This arrangement of excerpts from Beckett's novels and poems and plays, beautifully acted by Mr. MacGowran, makes a most extraordinary evening in the theatre. (Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 5, evening curtain times at 7:30.)

ONE NIGHT STANDS OF A NOISY PASSENGER—Three short plays by Shelley Winters. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A PLACE WITHOUT DOORS—An imagined epilogue to an actual murder that took place in France four years ago. The play is shallow and pretentious, but Richard A. Dysart gives a splendid performance as the husband of the murderess. (Stairway, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2—on Dec. 30, at 3—and Saturdays at 3.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of Synge's **THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD,** with David Birney, will be the second in this year's series of four plays. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 7, at 7:30, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 14. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Dec 31, at 2.)

SLEUTH—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)

STORY THEATRE—In which talking animals and talking peasants are shown to be funnier than most of us suppose. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30, and no performance that evening.)

TRELAWNY OF THE "WELLS"—This revival of Pinero's delightful play about an English theatrical troupe back in the eighteen-sixties is disappointing, but it is not a total miss. Sasha von Scherler's fine performance in a supporting part almost saves the day. (Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 5, all evening curtain times at 7:30.)

LONG RUNS—BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 5, evening curtain times at 7:30, and matinées at 2.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)

MUSICALS

COMPANY—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)

LIGHT, LIVELY AND YIDDISH—Ben Bonus in a musical with a book by J. Nemirover, lyrics by A. Shulman, and music by Eli Rubinstein. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Wednesdays—except Dec. 30—through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays

at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

LOVELY LADIES, KIND GENTLEMEN—A musical with a book by John Patrick, based on his play "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Stan Freeman and Franklin Underwood wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Kenneth Nelson, Ron Husmann, David Burns, and Eleanor Calbes. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)

THE ME NOBODY KNOWS—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 5, evening curtain times at 7:30, and Saturday matinées will be changed to 2.)

THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER—Another Yiddish musical with music by Murray Rumshinsky, a book by H. Kalmanov, lyrics by Jacob Jacobs, and a cast headed by Chayele Rosenthal and Mr. Jacobs. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 6:30. Matinées Wednesday and Sunday at 2, and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

THE ROTHSCHILDS—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)

TOUCH—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TWO BY TWO—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 3. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)

LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE: Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Buck Mulligan sighed and having filled his mouth with a crust thickly buttered on both sides, stretched forth his legs and began to search his trousers pockets. Pay up and look pleasant, Haines said to him smiling. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Stephen filled a third cup, a spoonful of tea colouring faintly the thick rich milk. Buck Mulligan brought up a florin, twisted it round in his fingers and cried: —A miracle! (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30—7:30 starting Jan. 5—Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 7:30; and New Year's Eve at 6:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** He passed it along the table towards the old woman, saying: —Ask nothing more of me, sweet. All I can give you I give. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 5, evening curtain times at 7:30, and Saturday matinées will be changed to 2.)... **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30—7:30 starting Jan. 5—Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR:** Sir Walter Elliot of Kellynch Hall, in Somersetshire, was a man who, for his own amusement, never took up any book but the Baronetage. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** There he found occupation for an idle hour, and consolation in a distressed one; there his faculties were roused into admiration and respect, by contemplating the limited remnant of the earliest patents; there any unwelcome sensations arising from domestic affairs, changed naturally into pity and contempt, as he turned over the almost endless creations of the last century. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** And there, if every other leaf were powerless, he could read his own history with an interest which never failed. This was the page at which the favourite volume always opened: —ELLIOT OF KELLYNCH HALL. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Starting Monday, Jan. 4, evening curtain times at 7:30, and all matinées at 2.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Walter Elliot, born March 1, 1760, married, July 15, 1784, Elizabeth, daughter of James Stevenson, Esq., of South Park, in the county of Gloucester; by which lady (who died 1800) he has issue, Elizabeth, born June 1, 1785; Anne, born August 9, 1787: a still-born son, November 5, 1789; Mary, born November 20, 1791." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30—7:30 starting Jan. 5—and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30—7:30 starting Jan. 5—Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PURLIE:** Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 5, evening curtain times at 7:30, and Saturday matinées will be changed to 2.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 5, evening curtain times at 7:30, and Saturday matinées will be changed to 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 10. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 1:15 and 5:15; Thursday, Dec. 31, at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:15; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Jan. 3, at 1:15 and 5:15; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 5-8, at 6:15; and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Brahms Quintet," "A Rose for Miss Emily" (première), and "Gaieté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Miss Julie," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 1, at 8: "At Midnight," "Schubertiade" (première), "Jardin aux Lilas," and "The River." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2:30: "Les Patineurs," "The River," and "Gaieté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Brahms Quintet," "A Rose for Miss Emily," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux" and "Gaieté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 3, at 1:30: "Les Sylphides," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 3, at 7:30: "Les Patineurs," "At Midnight," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Schubertiade." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Theme and Variations," "A Rose for Miss Emily," "Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Theme and Variations," "Ontogeny" (première), "Esmeralda Pas de Deux," and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "The Traitor," "Pas de Deux," and "The River." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Ontogeny," "Miss Julie," and "Gaieté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:30: "Les Sylphides," "Schubertiade," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ *Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:* "Schubertiade," "Ontogeny," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "The Traitor." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Jan. 10.)

Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company—Final performances of a two-week engagement by a company of thirty-nine dancers and musicians. (Alice Tully Hall, 362-1911. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Ballets Africains—A troupe of forty-four dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea in a three-week engagement. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30—7:30 starting Jan. 5—and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 16.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus on Ice—This one-ring refrigerated circus has fifty-seven performers, including a troupe of monocyclists and eleven skating bears who play musical instruments and even hockey. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, at 10:30, 2, and 7:30; New Year's Day at 2 and 8; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 10:30, 2, and 8; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 6.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Tim Wood, Tommy Litz, Linda Carbonetto, and Freddie Trenkler. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 5, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 17. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Fairport Convention does an honest job on folk-influenced rock, sharing the bill with folk singers Fraser and Debolt. On Wednesday, Jan. 6, the folkish Jake Holmes will arrive, together with the comedy team of Edmonds and Curley. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Easy living, listening to the electrified sounds of Jan Hammer, piano, and Gene Perla, bass, who play through New Year's Eve. The music runs from eleven to three. Dinner is served until one. On Mondays, author Frank Conroy—temporarily switching muses—turns

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

up with a bass player to sub for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Barney Josephson, who long ago made night-life history with Café Society Uptown and Downtown, is repeating it by seating Mary Lou Williams at a piano. With Michael Fleming on bass, she plays from eight to one, except Sundays, in a restaurant gaily ornamented by Refregier.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Dedicated to the proposition that the jazz guitar occupies an important category of its own. Kenny Burrell will be on one such, and Larry Ridley on bass, for two nights; then—Friday through Sunday, Jan. 1-3—Ted Dunbar will replace Burrell. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. A Southern menu.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Old-time blues the way they really were and are, sung by Jimmy Rushing Fridays through Sundays in this casual club. With him—and without him the other nights of the week—is the dependable quartet of tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, which (through Sunday, Jan. 3) will be augmented by the inventive tenor sax of Al Cohn. On New Year's Eve, Rushing and singer Maxine Sullivan both will perform. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Eddie Thompson, a pianist from England, and Dr. Lyn Christie, a bass player from Australia, are working together in this dark bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. On Tuesdays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Times change, but lovers of the traditional can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Every Sunday from six to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band plays a sort of amiable Dixieland in this straw-hat parlor that, the rest of the week, is occupied by a banjo band. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Put on your old plastic boater and chuckle, and maybe you'll believe it's not 1970 at all but some never-never time before social problems began and everything was hunky-dory, striped like a barber pole, and accompanied by two banjos and a piano. Peanuts. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Yusef Lateef, who plays tenor sax, oboe, and flute, leads a quartet until Tuesday, Jan. 5, when tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson will bring in a sextet. The room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: the Junior Mance quartet plays jazz in a bluesy direction. On New Year's Eve, beginning at nine-thirty, Mance will trade sets with a rock group called Children of God. On Monday, Jan. 4, the quartet will be off, and new talent will be auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs, jazz and pop both make the scene: Through Saturday, Jan. 2, Dreams and singer Richie Havens; Sunday, Jan. 3, Dreams and the Larry Coryell trio (jazz meets rock on the best of terms). On Mondays, music is provided by Latin bands. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Reed man Rahsaan Roland Kirk is *sui generis*, and his sextet plays fast and, sometimes, frenetically. Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 5-7, singer Novella Nelson will be onstage with a trio. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 8-10, Herbie Hancock, whose nimble piano often engages in harmonic subtleties, will lead a sextet. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass *are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman* Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. The locale, however, is drab, and taxis are scarce. Closed New Year's Day.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats produce some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. Guest musicians often sit in with the regulars, who are Red Balaban, Marquis Foster, Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, and Ed Polcer. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers hoop-la and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An urbane but relaxed club whose interior is designed to remind you of the movie "Casablanca." Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which has a lot of arches, is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—*Où sont les neiges*, etc., the period being that between the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—The latest of the ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—The Cairo caper, reinforced by sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and danceable. Six people called the Victorians entertain three times a night, except on New Year's Eve, when there will be only a twelve-thirty performance. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—The idea behind this new establishment is to provide round-the-clock enjoyment. So far, this Las Vegas principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tape recordings. A fairly full menu. Fancy lamps and artificial plants.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Sarojopi plays through Saturday, Jan. 2. Children of God starts Tuesday, Jan. 5. Closed Sunday and Monday, Jan. 3-4.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Grooviness merges with aplomb, and hip attains a state akin to quiet well-being. Elysium

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for those who are pulchritudinous, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is apt to be forgetful.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei,* thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and New Year's Day.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—José Greco, not quite yet ready to retire into legend, has put together and put to work a fetching lot of boys and girls who are nearly as light on their feet as he can be on his own. And the choreography often defers to adventure rather than ritual. The place is in operation every single night. . . . ¶ Down the hall is **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), a small haven filled with divans and Latin lyrics in several tongues, all of them forked into the air by an efficient but not too effulgent sound system. Mostly listeners, a few dancers. Nine to four every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—So far, it has not entirely become a Fillmore North East, but it is drifting that way. Else why Friends of Distinction, a musicians' club that leans to the Mod? Well, it's a lot better than nothing—which is what most soloists today are. On Thursday, Jan. 7, Jackie De Shannon (pop goes the weasel, and so does Miss De Shannon) replaces the Friends. The songfests occur twice a night in general, thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Las Vegas. No quiet nights here, either.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—*Grand-prix,* and distinctly not *prix-fixe,* are the night and the nourishment in the new **LA FORÊT,** a de-luxe limited edition (only Tuesdays through Saturdays) of a supper club. Phil Wayne's quintet (the best group he has ever put together) begins at seven-thirty, and late in the evening a mannerly crew of rocksmiths (Joe Bill Loudermilk & Grits) takes over. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** dance music every night, and (except Sundays and Mondays) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube; five-thirty until twelve-thirty is the working night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lana Cantrell, a *cantatrice* of vim and vigor, is due in the Persian Room at ten-fifteen the night of Wednesday, Dec. 30, for her one session of the evening, and at twelve-forty-five on New Year's Eve; thereafter, she'll shift to a schedule more attuned to mere mortals: dinner and supper every night but Sunday. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band will fill in all the coffee breaks. . . . **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933)—Don't stop them if you think you've heard it before, because the frolicsome cast of "Dames at Sea" are parodying, and perfectly, the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movie musicals. Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller are the creators of this laudable feat of total recall; Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson lead the efficacious players; Baldwin Bergersen, who has written some memorable songs himself, is at the entr'acte piano. At eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays; at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; at four and seven-thirty Sundays. Exceptions to this rule: New Year's Eve at eight and eleven and New Year's Day at eight-thirty. A reasonable amount of dining, but absolutely no dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ For diners and winers in the grand old Edwardian Room, the traditional violin weaves its way through the prandial hours every night but Sunday. New Year's Eve, the serenade will be followed by dancing, from ten to two. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift. New Year's Eve, he'll run a ten-until-two dance group, so there'll be no evening session on New Year's Day.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Eloise Laws, singer on some television show or other, and the Dick Cavett Show Orchestra, from the same television show or other, depart this sterling rooftop on Saturday, Jan. 2, and on Monday, Jan. 4, Tamiko Jones, another new caroller, comes in. Dancing. Sundays are dark.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero's Latinos have returned to the podium of the Maisonette, where they belong, and life for the guests who know how to move to their music is thereby enriched. And on Tuesday, Jan. 5, Hal Turner's band, one of the pleasant surprises of last season, will be added to the cast. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the neighboring Boite, life is sedentary, and sort of Viennese when Jules Kuti's piano and Ernest Schoen's violin start conspiring. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A changing of the palace guard will take place when Bobby Short, whose star is brightest just before dawn, stops singing (Saturday, Jan. 2, is the day) and Mabel Mercer begins chanting her words to the wise (Monday, Jan. 4, is the day), with the piano of Jimmy Lyon as her support. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., is soliloquizing, but the ambience never flags anyway. Ron Eliran, who will be singing Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 30-Jan. 3, makes Israeli pop sound every bit as good as our pop. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, at least—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. A nightly occurrence, except between Friday and Monday, Jan. 1-4. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late every night, and admire the scenery. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and claphands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small world from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren's dance band stakes out its claim on the floor of the restaurant, where it sets to at seven most nights, at eight Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all Sundays and Mondays. Taps generally at midnight, but a bit later on the weekends. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Saturday, Jan. 2, is the last night for Irwin Corey, whose campaign speeches (in favor of what it is hard to say) move gaily on to a certain rhyme but utterly no reason. Never before ten.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley has moved his piano into this town house, and—along with dinner and supper—he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, and Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Just about the perfect host and just about enough grandeur. The enterprise is presided over by George Feyer, whose piano recalls both the Austrian and the Hungarian aspects of Empire. He operates from eight-thirty until one-thirty, and he is invisible on Sundays. Closed New Year's Day.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A busy-bee and Romanesque enterprise, through which Theo Fanidi often trails an entourage of prowling fiddlers. Closed Sundays.... **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): A duplex specializing entirely in New York supper-club life as it used to be—a spot wherein people gather to hear someone they know and claim as their own. This time, it is Mary McCarty, who used to say and sing a lot of funny things in revues and *boîtes*. Her reprises are done, commencing about ten-thirty, for that sort of loyal audience. Dining, too, and Marty Napoleon on piano at the head of a trio, and (on Sunday nights) the threesome of Daphne Hellman, whose harp can venture into the classics. No go for anyone on Mondays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated. He is in session from six until midnight, though not on Sundays.... **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beach house, with fully equipped kitchen, quiet neighborhood. May be seen every evening but Monday. Wayne Sanders, one of the final inhabitants of Goldie's New York, has taken a new lease—on the local piano.... **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes (on the saloon deck) a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef, as well as (on the boat deck) community piano, this every evening but Sunday. Never a dark night for downstairs.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day.)

GALLERIES

ALAN COTE—Patterned bands of iridescent color; through Tuesday, Jan. 5. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT CRONBACH—Abstract sculptures in bronze, plus a series in painted wood; through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Collages done in the twenties by this pioneer American abstractionist; through Jan. 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Jan. 2.)

EDWARD DUGMORE—Paintings by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; starting Tuesday, Jan. 5. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

FRED ESCHER—Free-form neon tubings on the floor and ceiling; starting Saturday, Jan. 2. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN-MICHEL FOLON—Drawings in color; through Jan. 16. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED KUBIN (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Riders" group; through Jan. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

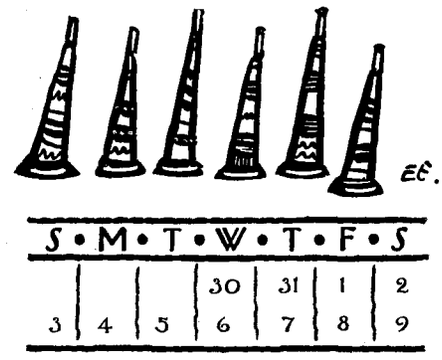
WIFREDO LAM—Twenty recent paintings by a Cuban Surrealist who has long worked in Paris; through Jan. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

RODGER MACK—Bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures, including several large outdoor pieces; starting Tuesday, Jan. 5. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—Paintings based on studies made in the Far West; through Jan. 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER—Portraits of New York poets by this painter of domestic themes; through Jan. 30. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

LARRY RIVERS—Constructions and multiples done



since 1965; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER RUDDICK—Abstract sculptures in bronze and fibre glass by a British artist who teaches in New York; starting Saturday, Jan. 2. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

LEON POLK SMITH—Paintings from 1945 to 1953 by an American pioneer of "hard edge;" through Jan. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Jan 2.)

DIANNE NELSON TULLIS—Collages representing still-lifes and Western highway landscapes by an Arizona artist having her first one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Jan. 2.)

MAX WEBER (1881-1961) **AND ROBERT CROWL**—Monotypes painted over in oils by the former and figure studies in pencil by the latter; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Jan. 2.)

MAC WELLS—Abstract paintings; through Jan. 12. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays and Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: Etchings and lithographs, plus two sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty-five paintings by five young Mexican artists; through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures done over the past forty-five hundred years on the theme of the female; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Jan. 2.)... **EGAN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)... **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper—acrylics, drawings, watercolors—by, among others, Avedesian, Agnes Martin, Norris Embry, and Robyn Denny; through Wednesday, Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **EMMERICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Pre-Columbian Mexican and Peruvian objects in gold, silver, wood, ceramic, and textiles; through Tuesday, Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **FEIGEN,** 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Monet, Morris Louis, Beckmann, Matisse, and Dubuffet; through Friday, Jan. 8.... **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART,** 4 E. 54th St.: Graphics and small sculptures by Israeli artists, including some of the leaders; through Feb. 15. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **JANIS,** 6 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists; through Saturday, Jan. 2.... **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Sixty examples of American naïve, primitive, and folk art from the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Jan. 2.)... **MYERS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Walter Darby Bannard, Robert Goodnough, and Red Grooms; through Thursday, Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, Degas, and many others; through Jan. 29. (Closed Saturdays.)... **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by fourteen contemporary Japanese in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 30-Jan. 2.)... **ZABRISKIE,** 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Sculptures in wood by leading practitioners in this medium, among them Hague, Mary Frank, Sugarman, Nevelson, Kohn, Hokanson, and Cunningham; through Jan. 16. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Sunday, Jan. 3.... ¶ A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration, entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries"—it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through Feb. 14.... ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—ranging in time from the second millenium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23.... ¶ Forty-five collages by Joseph Cornell, who has been celebrated for his boxes; through Jan. 24.... ¶ Prints and drawings of fireworks and royal, religious, and popular festivals, ranging from Medici Court scenes to contemporary fireworks displays; through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Collection of Gertrude Stein and Her Family"—more than two hundred paintings once owned by Gertrude Stein and her brothers, Leo and Michael, and by the latter's wife Sarah, gathered from many sources; through March 1.... ¶ Paintings done by Paul Burlin (1886-1969), prominent New York Abstract Expressionist, during the weeks before he died; through Feb. 8.... ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through March 21.... ¶ A collection of portraits taken in Paris during the twenties, New York cityscapes, and illustrations of scientific principles by Berenice Abbott, one of America's leading photographers; through Feb. 28. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Jan. 7, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The first North American retrospective, consisting of eighty-four paintings, sculptures, and drawings, plus toys (which played an important part in his development), of Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949), well-known South American Abstractionist; through Jan. 31.... ¶ Thirty-six works by Wojciech Fangor, a Polish color painter who lives in the United States; through Feb. 7.... ¶ Fifty-five works by thirty-three Japanese artists, chosen to represent the most avant-garde developments in Japan today; through Jan. 31. A good complement to this exhibit is the show of contemporary Japanese artists at the Staempfli Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.... ¶ Friday through Sunday, Jan. 8-10, at 8:30, there will be a benefit program by the Dance Theatre of Harlem. For information about tickets, call EN 9-5110.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum's traditional biennial survey of American sculpture; through Feb. 7.... ¶ Eleven panel paintings based on patterns of sound waves by Lee Lozano, a young New York artist; through Sunday, Jan. 3.... ¶ About forty-five works by women artists, taken from the Museum's permanent collection; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five Japanese prints from the Edo period (seventeenth century through the nineteenth) by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

logical artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Seventy objects illustrating the broad scope of Ming porcelains produced from the late fourteenth century to the mid-seventeenth; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. Closes Thursday, Dec. 31, at 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The first exhibit in New York of sculptures in stone, wood, and cement by Gonzalo Fonseca, a Uruguayan who works here; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Paintings, constructions, and drawings based on Hebrew letters and prayers, by Julia Pearl; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Photographs, accompanied by sound, of Hassidic communities; through Jan. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of musical manuscripts, autograph letters of composers, and printed music that tickles the eye—here Beethoven's frenetic hand, there Chopin's delicate, precise pen; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day and Saturday, Jan. 2, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Around seventy wooden figures that adorned ships, shops, and theatres, and heralded circuses in New York during the nineteenth century; through Feb. 20. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts. (Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, noon to 5; Sunday, Jan. 3, from 1 to 5. Thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—This year's special Christmas exhibit, "Visions of Sugar Plums," presents toys and decorations from private collections, including costumed dolls and a doll's Christmas tree with ornaments dating back to 1870; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred works in a variety of mediums, commissioned by the Container Corporation of America over the past thirty years from such artists as Magritte, Shahn, Guston, Rosenquist, Trova, and Bayer, and published as advertisements in national magazines; through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Serigraphs in modernist modes by seven Muscovite artists; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Eighty color photographs of the Sistine Chapel ceiling; through Tuesday, Jan. 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over four hundred photographs of New York City, from 1840 to 1900, which offer a study of its architecture, business and industry, waterfront and street activities, and its citizens; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Prints in which artists (ranging from Rembrandt to Picasso) portray themselves, their colleagues, and their milieu; through March 31. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by members of a black artists' coöperative; through Jan. 31. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 30: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Colette Boky, and Mary Ellen Pracht. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 31: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, Donald Gramm, Paul Franke, and Andrea Velis. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 1: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Ruza Baldani, James McCracken, Frank Guarrera, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 2: "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Frank Guarrera, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 4: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 5: "Andrea Chénier," with Gabriella Tucci, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 6: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, Donald Gramm, Paul Franke, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 7: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Ruza Baldani, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 8: "Ernani," with Martina Arroyo, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 9: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Roberta Peters, and Mary Ellen Pracht. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 9: "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Murray Dickie. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Amahl and the Night Visitors and **Help! Help! the Globolinks!**—Final performances of a three-week engagement of a double bill by Gian Carlo Menotti. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, at 1:15; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, at 1:15 and 7:15; Wednesday, Jan. 6, and Friday, Jan. 8, at 7:15; and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 1:15 and 7:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Daniel Barenboim conducting—Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 1, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 4, at 7:30 (all with Ruggiero Ricci, violin); and Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 8, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30 (all with Alfred Brendel, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Simon Estes, bass; and Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8:15.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Maxim Shostakovich conducting, with Olegna Fuschi, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica Renaissance Band—Early music for wind and brass instruments plus organs, harpsichord, percussion, and viols. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Erica Morini, violin, and Melvin Kaplan, oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 9-10, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Uwe Christian Harrer directing a Christmas program. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, at 2; New Year's Day at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, at 2.)

RECITALS

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, with Samuel Baron, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Alexander Kouguell, cello; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Maureen Forrester—Contralto, in a lieder recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Benita Valente and Patricia Wells, sopranos; Charles Treger and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Nobuko Imai and Walter Trampler, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday,

SILK IN GREAT SHAPE

. . .shirtwaisted the way you love. Deep yoke pockets, snug cuffs and a bright flingy scarf to call its own. By Mr. Charles in navy, pink, yellow or powder blue, 8 to 18, $95.

Country & Casual on Three.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK

BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sportsminded Stripes of Dacron®

For active men. Whose style is casual and striped. Easy wear with a minimum of care. Unmistakedly IZOD.

Doubleknit slacks of 100% Dacron* polyester seersucker for comfortable, unwrinkleable good looks. Straight cut style with western pockets and hidden waist extension. In stripes of red, light blue, navy, melon, green, or toast, with white. Sizes 30-44. About $35.00.

Bergdorf Goodman, New York
Jordon Marsh, Florida
Muse's, Atlanta
Dayton's, Minneapolis

498 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

IZOD

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jan. 8, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 9.)

RAYMOND BUCKINGHAM—Bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

NELSON FREIRE—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

JOSEPH KALICHSTEIN—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

MOUNTAIN, MYLON, AND DAVID REA—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8, and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8 and 11:30. Mr. Rea will not appear on New Year's Eve.

IAN AND SYLVIA AND KRIS KRISTOFFERSON—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8:30.

BUDDY MILES, BIG BROTHER AND THE HOLDING COMPANY, AND SWEETWATER—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 1:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8: Knicks vs. Atlanta.

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Jan. 3, at 7:05.)

RACING—At LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Buses to the track leave from the Port Authority Bus Terminal between 9:15 and 9:45.). . . LAUREL, Md.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 2.

TENNIS—Rod Laver vs. Ken Rosewall, in the opening match of the 1971 Tennis Champions Classic. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 2, at 1; preliminary match at noon.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, Jan. 4, through Tuesday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—At the ANTA THEATRE: "Amahl and the Night Visitors" and "Help! Help! the Globolinks!," two one-act operas by Gian Carlo Menotti. (245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, at 1:15; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, at 1:15 and 7:15; Wednesday, Jan. 6, and Friday, Jan. 8, at 7:15; and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 1:15 and 7:15.). . . NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER: "Babes in Toyland." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 1 and 3.). . . VIENNA CHOIR BOYS: Uwe Christian Harrer directing a Christmas program. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, at 2; New Year's Day at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, at 2.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 30-Jan. 3, and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 1 and 3:30.). . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, Jan. 3, and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:30.). . . NICOLO MARIONETTES: "Pinocchio." (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 1 and 3. For information about tickets, call GR 5-0830.). . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Dandelion." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, at 1 and 3.). . . PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "Cinderella at the Christmas Ball." (Stairway Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 11 and 1, and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 1.). . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 11 and 1. . . . ¶ "Greensleeves," Thursday, Dec. 31 at 1. . . . ¶ "The Prince and the Pauper," Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Children under five not admitted.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Christmas Sky." Starting Tuesday, Jan. 5, there will be a new show, "From the Great Bear to the Southern Cross." (Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Thursday, Dec. 31, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Thereafter, Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 30-Jan. 2, and Saturday, Jan. 9, from 10 to 12.

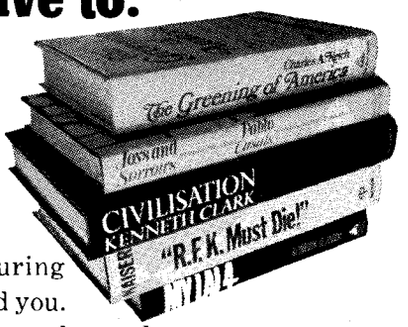
ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions on New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily, except New Year's Day.

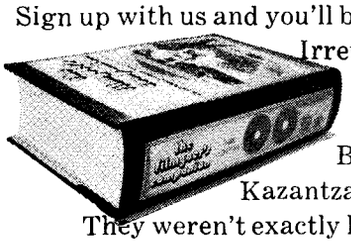
FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—*Dec. 30 at 2 and 5:30*: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942), with James Cagney and Joan Leslie. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2: "The Sons of Katie Elder" (1965), with John Wayne and Dean Martin. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" (1946), with Barbara Stanwyck and Van Heflin. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 11:30: "Casablanca" (1942), with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 3 and 5:30: "Last Train from Gun Hill" (1959), with Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" (1957), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 1:30: "Last Train from Gun Hill" (1959). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6 and Jan. 5 at 2: "The Extraordinary Adventures of Mr. West in the Land of the Bolsheviks" (1924), a Russian film; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 5:30: A program of films by Ian Hugo. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Dark City" (1950), with Charlton Heston and Lizabeth Scott. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "The Rose Tattoo" (1955), with Anna Magnani and Burt Lancaster. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 8: "Red Mountain" (1951), with Alan Ladd and Lizabeth Scott. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Dec. 30: "The Space Explorers," a film made by the American Museum of Natural History. . . . ¶ Dec. 31: Three films based on Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book." . . . ¶ Jan. 2: Two films based on tales by the Brothers Grimm. . . . ¶ Jan. 3: Two films based on Hans Christian Andersen stories. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 6: To be announced. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. All very serious. . . . ¶ More serious stuff at the WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), where a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. Through Feb. 24.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The truth is you'd probably never buy some of these books if you didn't have to.



Sign up with us and you'll be obligated. Committed.



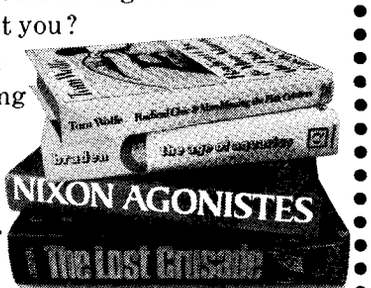
Irrevocably on the hook for four great books during the next year. Not easy pop reading, mind you. Not the quick bite books that don't make any demands on you. But authors and ideas whose impact may not be felt for years. Kazantzakis. Miller. McLuhan. Erikson. Bettelheim. Grass. Galbraith. Heller. Nader.

They weren't exactly household names when our members were reading them.

We're still at it. Looking for the best books, not just the best selling books.

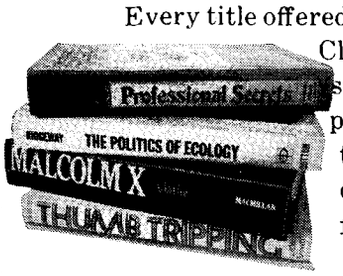
But how about you?

You know you haven't been reading up to capacity. So we're supplying a motivation much stronger than your conscience.



It's called a coupon.

Every title offered by the Book Find Club represents a solid saving on the publishers' prices. And with a year's trial membership you can resign after taking four books.



But whether you stay with us or not, you start your membership by selecting any three from this list for $1.

If you bargain-hunt through the list you can get about $35 worth of great books for your $1.

Start with a trial membership. Get 3 books for $1.

☐ **842. Radical Chic & Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers.** Tom Wolfe. Uproarious chronicle by the pop stylist on Blacks and the Beautiful People. Pub. ed. $5.95.

☐ **425. The Greening of America.*** Charles A. Reich. A reasoned analysis of the alienation of our youth, a provocative prophecy of our future. Pub. ed. $7.95

☐ **423. Nixon Agonistes.** Garry Wills. The incendiary book on the President's character. Pub. ed. $10.00

☐ **421. "R.F.K. Must Die!"** Robert Blair Kaiser. Detailed story of the Robert Kennedy assassination; in-depth study of Sirhan. Pub. ed. $9.95

☐ **422. The Lost Crusade.** Chester L. Cooper. Startling and comprehensive account of American intervention in Vietnam. Pub. ed. $12.00

☐ **835. The Politics of Ecology.** James Ridgeway. Inside report on power struggles—governmental and industrial—over pollution. Pub. ed. $5.95

☐ **420. We Talk, You Listen.** Vine Deloria, Jr. The brilliant spokesman for Indian tribalism offers some unexpected solutions for a crumbling society. Pub. ed. $5.95

☐ **419. Sisterhood is Powerful.** Robin Morgan. Anthology of influential writings from the Women's Liberation Movement. Pub. ed. $8.95

☐ **825. Thumb Tripping.** Don Mitchell. Remarkable and insightful novel about young hitchhikers. Pub. ed. $5.95

☐ **836. A Friend of Kafka.*** Isaac Bashevis Singer. The master storyteller's newest collection of short stories. Pub. ed. $6.95

☐ **1660. The Filmgoer's Companion.** Leslie Halliwell. An international encyclopedia for everybody who likes the movies. Pub. ed. $15.00 (Counts as 2 books.)

☐ **1663. The Unembarrassed Muse.** Russel Nye. Illustrated history of American popular culture entertainment for mass consumption. Pub. ed. $12.95

☐ **817. Joys and Sorrows.** Pablo Casals. Reflections on his life as told to Albert Kahn. Pub. ed. $7.95

☐ **416. The Age of Aquarius.** William Braden. Significant predictions of the coming American struggle between humanists and technologists. Pub. ed. $7.95

☐ **816. My Lai 4.** Seymour Hersh. First complete account of the tragic Vietnam massacre. Pub. ed. $5.95

☐ **832. Jean Cocteau: Professional Secrets.** By Robert Phelps. The private life of the *enfant terrible* of European art, letters, everything; as he recorded it. Pub. ed. $8.50.

☐ **819. The Nashville Sound.** Paul Hemphill. Rich portrait of the gritty reality of country and western music. Pub. ed. $5.95

☐ **807. Malcolm X.** John Henrik Clarke. 21 writers discuss the "prophet." Pub. ed. $7.95

☐ **808. Civilisation.** Lord Kenneth Clark. The great exploration of our history and culture illustrated through western man's creative works. Pub. ed. $15.00 (Counts as 2 books.)

☐ **813. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask.** David Reuben, M.D. Pub. ed. $6.95

The Book Find Club.

132 West 43rd Street, New York 10036 N200

Please send me the 3 books I've checked in the boxes above and bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling. (Civilisation and Filmgoer's Companion count as 2 books each.)

Also enroll me as a trial member of the Book Find Club. I need accept as few as 4 additional selections in the next 12 months, always at substantial savings off the publisher's price, plus shipping and handling. I may cancel at any time thereafter.

I understand that I will receive the free Book Find News, which fully describes each month's selections and alternates. If I do not wish to receive a current selection or I wish an alternate selection, I may advise you by using the convenient reply card provided with each Book Find News.

Name_____
(please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

*A portion of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Fantasia."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Jan. 5: "The Baby Maker" and "The Boys in the Band."
From Jan. 6: "He and She" and "Sweden—Heaven and Hell."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 5: "Detective Belli."
From Jan. 6: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"A Very Curious Girl."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Five Easy Pieces."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"There Was a Crooked Man."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Cromwell."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Brewster McCloud."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. EAST TWIN CINEMAS, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Alex in Wonderland."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Confession."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fools."

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Perfect Friday."

JULIET 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Aristocats."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"There's a Girl in My Soup."

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Where's Poppa?"

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Jan. 6: "Performance" and "Barbarella."
From Jan. 7: To be announced.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"I Never Sang for My Father."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Tristana."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Groupies."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Catch-22."

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 31: "Jules and Jim" and "Shoot the Piano Player."
Jan. 1-7: "Grand Illusion" and "Beauty and the Beast."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Aristocats."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Scrooge."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun."

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Fools."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Man with Connections."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Goin' Down the Road."

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Twelve Chairs."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Love My Wife."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 5: "The Aristocats."
From Jan. 6: "Dirty Dingus Magee."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 5: "Tristana."
From Jan. 6: To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 5: "Lovers and Other Strangers" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Jan. 6 (tentative): "Borsalino" and "Goodbye, Columbus."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 30: "The Big Sleep" and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre."
Dec. 31-Jan. 6: "The Rise of Louis XIV" and "Lola Montès."
From Jan. 7: "My Night at Maud's" and "My Life to Live."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 5: "West Side Story" and "Around the World in 80 Days."
From Jan. 6: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" and "The Out-of-Towners."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 31: "Casablanca" and "The Maltese Falcon."
Jan. 1-4: "Cotton Comes to Harlem" and "Gaily, Gaily."
From Jan. 5: "Medium Cool" and "Rosemary's Baby."

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ALEX IN WONDERLAND—With Donald Sutherland, directed by Paul Mazursky. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

THE ARISTOCATS—A new full-length animated film from the Disney Studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. (Juliet 1, Juliet 2, and Guild. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Jan. 5.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS (1956)—Mike Todd's *Cook's tour*, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. Featuring David Niven, the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, Shirley MacLaine, and an all-star cast of fifty-seven. Directed by Michael Anderson. (Symphony; through Jan. 5.)

THE BABY MAKER—Pseudo-seriousness about a life-loving young hippie (Barbara Hershey) who agrees to make a baby for a childless couple. Cellophane-wrapped little insights into everybody's feelings and total evasion of the moral problems implicit in the gimmicky plot. Written and directed by James Bridges. (Charles; through Jan. 5.)

BARBARELLA (1968)—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this messed-up erotic comic-strip view of the future that she seems to be a new Dorothy in a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Jan. 6.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 1-7.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (New Yorker; Dec. 30.)

BORSALINO—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo camping it up in a thriller set in Marseille in the thirties. The spoof doesn't hold, but there is a nice scene about a bad fish. Directed by Jacques Deray. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 6, tentative.)

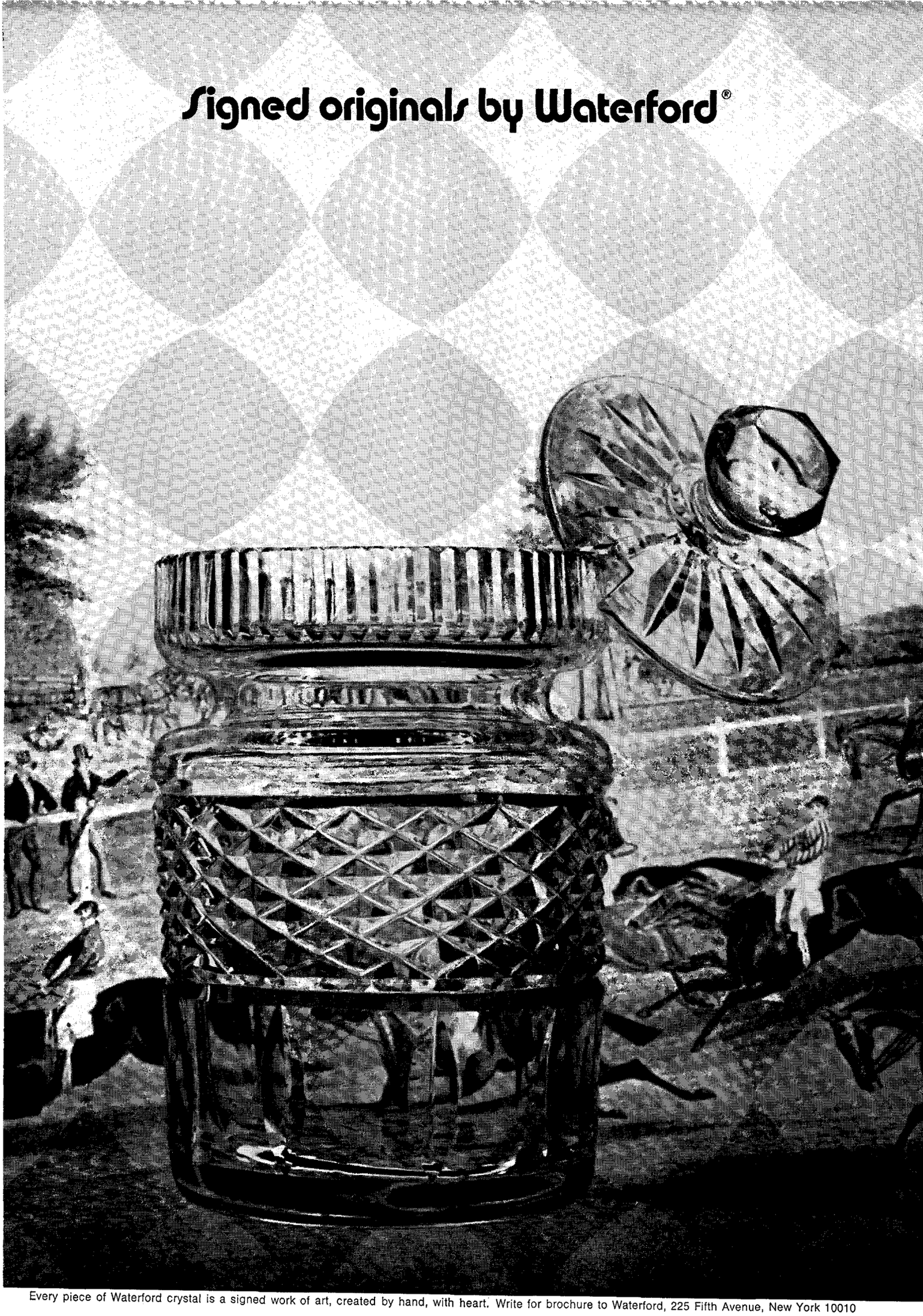
THE BOYS IN THE BAND—A movie of Mart Crowley's play—written in faggot vernacular—about a gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party. The text has been preserved as if the quips were ageless; the movie disproves this supposition. Directed by William Friedkin, who emphasizes the suffering and heartbreak. (Charles; through Jan. 5.)

BREWSTER MCCLOUD—With Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman, directed by Robert Altman. (Coronet.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the girl he misunderstands and treats like a whore.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Signed originals by Waterford®



Every piece of Waterford crystal is a signed work of art, created by hand, with heart. Write for brochure to Waterford, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors get in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Thalia; through Dec. 31.)

Catch-22—Joseph Heller's novel has been turned into a pretty fair movie, directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is Captain Yossarian. (Greenwich.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's exact, step-by-step demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a remarkably non-egotistic performance, and Simone Signoret, too, gives a performance instead of the star turn she's been doing recently. In French. (Beekman.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem—Two New York City police detectives (Raymond St. Jacques and Godfrey Cambridge) on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hardboiled detective story and very broad farce, directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novel by Chester Himes. With Calvin Lockhart (as a very fancy crook) and Redd Foxx. (Thalia; Jan. 1-4.)

Cromwell—A dry spectacle with a glum performance by Richard Harris, who delivers his lines in a cracked, rasping voice. The movie is like one of those high-school history texts that load you down with facts but omit the crucial data, so you come out understanding nothing. Ken Hughes wrote and directed. (Fine Arts.)

Detective Belli—Corrupt cop, drugs, murders, plus fashions and the rock scene. With Franco Nero and Florinda Bolkan. An Italian film, directed by Romolo Guerrieri, spoken in English. (Kips Bay; through Jan. 5.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Gramercy and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema.)

Dirty Dingus Magee—A comedy Western directed by Burt Kennedy. With Frank Sinatra and George Kennedy. (Cinema Studio; starting Jan. 6.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Art.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7		

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (34th St. East.)

Fools—With Jason Robards and Katharine Ross, directed by Tom Gries. (68th St. Playhouse and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Gaily, Gaily (1969)—Norman Jewison's frenzied version of Ben Hecht's reminiscences of Chicago yellow journalism. The richness of the material may still be glimpsed under the over-elaborate, cluttered production. With likable young Beau Bridges and not-so-young but even more likable Brian Keith, and Melina Mercouri as a harlot whose flashing eyes are rivalled only by her flashing teeth. (Thalia; Jan. 1-4.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

Goin' Down the Road—Two unhip boys from Nova Scotia come to Toronto for the legendary opportunities of the big city. Perceptively acted, and so well directed (by Don Shebib) that at times one has to remind oneself that it's an acted film and not a documentary. But the story isn't fresh enough, so the film turns out to be a somewhat hollow triumph of craft. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 6, tentative.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 1-7.)

Groupies—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

He and She—Pseudo sex education. (Charles; starting Jan. 6.)

Husbands—With Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk, and John Cassavetes. Directed and written by Cassavetes. (Cinema I.)

I Love My Wife—With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Paris.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. Banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son. Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Waverly.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—Gian Maria Volonte, in a film directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Baronet.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Ciné Malibu.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Elgin; through Dec. 31.)

The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun—With Samantha Eggar and Oliver Reed, directed by Anatole Litvak. (Festival.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. It's a hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—The title of Cy Howard's comedy with Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Bob Dishy is a fresh-minted way of putting the untrue cliché that we never know a thing about our intimates. The picture looks as if it were assembled from the installments of some sophisticated soap opera. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 5.)

Love Story—For those who like to cry so much they don't care how wretched a movie is, just so long as it's maudlin. (Tower East.)

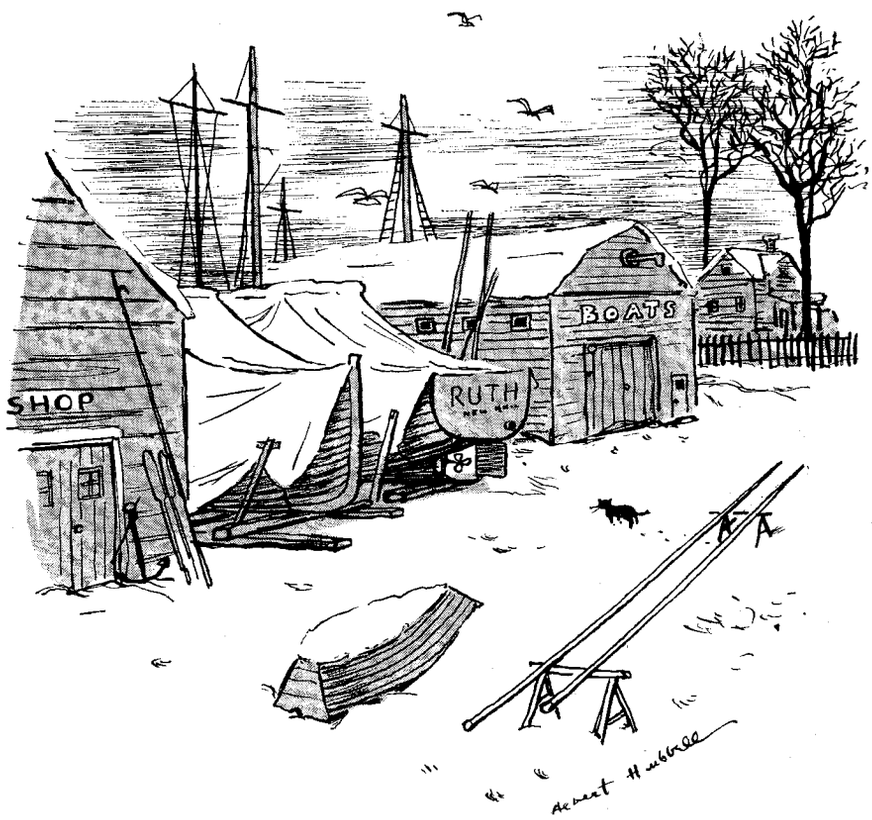
The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Thalia; through Dec. 31.)

The Man with Connections—A semi-autobiographical film by Claude Berri, including his adventures as a conscript in the French Army. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero, about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Thalia; starting Jan. 5.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' last film. The story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov, and Oscar Werner. In French. (New Yorker; Dec. 31-Jan. 6.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 7.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous film about four people in Clermont-Ferrand—a drolly solemn engineer (Jean-Louis Trintignant), a Marxist professor, a quizzical beauty qualified as a doctor who wraps herself naked in a white fur rug and listens to the engineer discussing Pascal half the night, and a blonde whom he knows he's going to marry. The film has some of the qualities of a great short story by de Maupassant. In French. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 7.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Barbra Streisand as a girl with the ability to reproduce herself at different points in time. A fey notion, gussied up with Cecil Beaton gowns and Vincente Minnelli staging, and weighed down by Alan Jay Lerner's atrocious script. With Yves Montand. (Symphony; starting Jan. 6.)

The Out-of-Towners—A Neil Simon screenplay about some of the more notorious perils of life in New York City. Maybe it would seem funnier to visitors than to natives, but only if they were desperate for a comedy. Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis in the title roles. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (Symphony; starting Jan. 6.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A raucous romance, with Barbra Streisand and George Segal as sparring partners. They both win. Streisand can ring more changes on a line than anybody since W. C. Fields, and Segal has the steadying grace that Tracy used to supply for Hepburn. The picture is just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Loew's Ciné).

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Performance—James Fox as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol, who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Jan. 6.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—One of the most interesting documents about history and power that the cinema possesses. Rossellini made it in 1965-66 for French-Italian television. The view is Brechtian, sly, funny, very intelligent; life in the splendid palaces is seen in all its mixture of *luxe* and squalor. In French. (New Yorker; Dec. 31-Jan. 6.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Thalia; starting Jan. 5.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Scrooge—Tastefully dull; the score is so disposable it might have been composed on Kleenex. (Music Hall.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Elgin; through Dec. 31.)

Song of Norway—Dirndls, pasty faces, and roguish smiles. (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 30-Jan. 3, at 1:30 and 5, and Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Sweden—Heaven and Hell (1969)—Italian-made documentary on Swedish sex and sinfulness. Directed by Luigi Scantini. (Charles; starting Jan. 6.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 5.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A would-be scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, thrashes about, and soon sinks; Peter Sellers struggles uncomfortably. From Terence Frisby's miserable play, mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (Orpheum.)

There Was a Crooked Man—With Kirk Douglas and Henry Fonda, directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Trans-Lux East.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Proof that planes and ships can be pedestrian. (Criterion.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Cinema II.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (New Yorker; Dec. 30.)

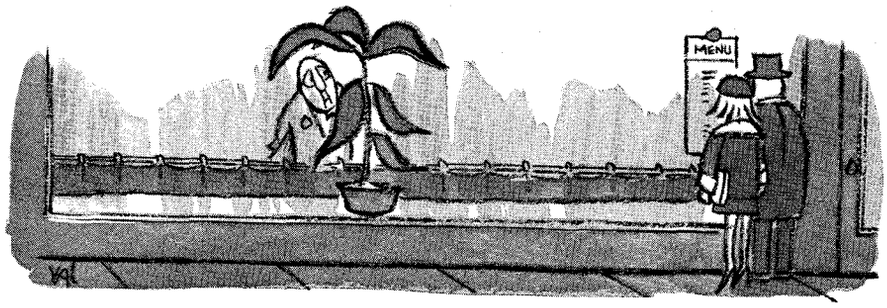
Tristana—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Regency; through Jan. 5.)

The Twelve Chairs—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Lincoln Art.)

A Very Curious Girl—With Bernadette La Font, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Murray Hill.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Symphony; through Jan. 5.)

Where's Poppa?—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (86th St. East.)



WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

JANUARY

What happier New Year's news can we bring you than the gladsome tidings that the latest, greatest, most exciting and exhilarating Ice Capades edition of them all opens at the Garden this very Tuesday (5) and will continue to thrill New Yorkers and their families for 20 performances right thru until two Sundays from now (17).

The Garden's spacious rink will be overflowing with spectacular colorful entertainment featuring such popular luminaries as U.S. and world champion Tim Wood, lovely 1969 Canadian Champion Linda Carbonetto, high-flying Tommy Litz and ever-hilarious Freddie Trenkler—plus Dave Pitts and Spanky the chimp to delight the youngsters with their incredible antics. To coin a slogan—it's family fun for '71. Come and enjoy!

During the rest of the month, our range of sports events will be both wide and handsome, running the gamut from basketball of both the professional and collegiate varieties to hockey, tennis, roller-skating and track. Plus the always fascinating Camper and Trailer Show in the Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda from (23) through (31).

Here's the at home January line-up of Knicks and Rangers games as our two favorite teams storm into the new year:

Knicks	Rangers
(2) Atlanta	(3) Montreal
(19) San Diego	(20) Philadelphia
(23) Boston	(24) Minnesota (1:05)
(26) Milwaukee	(27) Boston
(30) Philadelphia	(31) Los Angeles

The two U.S. service academies will display their basketball talents against New York rivals on Saturday afternoon (30) when Navy faces N.Y.U. and Army meets Manhattan. And surrounding this exciting event are the Wanamaker Millrose Track and Field Games (29) and the return of the Roller Derby (31-aft.).

What a beginning for what will obviously be a marvelous Madison Square Garden year. And the excitement never ends!

M.S.G.

madison square garden
Pennsylvania Plaza, 7th Ave., 31st to 33rd Sts.
FOR TICKET INFORMATION CALL (212) 564-4400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meadowbrook '71

Kick off your season in the sun with our buttoned-in-bamboo shirt dress. It's off-white, or the palest of aqua blues...pocketed, belted and crisped rich linen. 60.00. It's part of the new year in our Meadowbrook® Shop, third floor, Fifth Ave., and branches.

B Altman & Co

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN all likelihood, the history books that are now being written will generally agree that this nation's involvement in the Vietnam war was President Johnson's most calamitous mistake, but after a few years it may emerge that a more essential error was his failure to preserve the humanitarian character of the Supreme Court. Although the war has caused incalculable and irreversible damage, for the government to admit publicly and its citizens to recognize privately that it is and always was a catastrophe should go a long way toward averting some bloodier folly abroad later on. Such an admission and recognition could also help revive a people who had been consuming themselves in bitterness and frivolity for years before they discovered that they had carelessly dishonored themselves and murdered their children—just as it has helped create a generation that will never entirely lose its disgust for hypocrisy or abandon its search for a sweeter life. The Supreme Court, on the other hand, is the nation's final and solidest defense against the outbursts of buried rage, and the tyrannical responses to them, that so commonly grow out of deep social inequities, which abound in the United States to an extent that has become clear only in recent years. During those years, the Court was truly the last resort for millions of people who were disenfranchised, who were deliberately kept ignorant and poor, and who were summarily clapped into jail when they got out of line—and sometimes even when they didn't. By speaking for them when no one else would, the Court has undoubtedly forestalled, at least for a time, violent social upheaval. As for Mr. Johnson's failure, it lay not so much in his choice of Justice Abe Fortas to be Chief Justice as in his inexplicable decision not to use the last couple of months remaining to him as President—after Fortas withdrew under Senate fire—to choose another man to lead the Court. Of course, Republican senators demanded that this opportunity be reserved for President-elect Nixon, and threatened to oppose any other Johnson nominee whose name reached the Senate floor. But that was little more than bluster, and the President must have known it. For example, few senators would have opposed the selection of one of their own colleagues; courtesy and fraternity would have prevailed if he had named any of several senators known for their legal acumen and their sense of humanity.

The magnitude of President Johnson's failure—or blunder—began to emerge last week, when the Supreme Court handed down its decision in Dutton v. Evans. That ruling, which will probably become a landmark case, demonstrated that President Nixon has reversed the course that the Warren Court had taken for some fifteen years—that he has switched the five-to-four positive majority under Chief Justice Earl Warren to a five-to-four negative majority under Chief Justice Warren E. Burger. The case appropriately illustrates that change, because it involves a clear issue of fundamental liberties. It concerns the use of a certain kind of hearsay evidence in criminal trials. The Sixth Amendment to the Constitution gives defendants in criminal cases the right to confront witnesses against them, and, by extension, this (with a few exceptions) rules out hearsay evidence, since the person who makes the accusation, not the person who heard it at second hand, is the one to be confronted. Like several other parts of the Bill of Rights, the Sixth Amendment was not always applicable in state cases—not, in fact, until 1965, when the Supreme Court declared that the section of it giving defendants the right to confront witnesses who made incriminating statements against them applied to state as well as federal prosecution for criminal acts. Now the Burger Court has ruled that, contrary to the finding of the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit in a Georgia murder trial, this kind of hearsay evidence is admissible. The case—involving Alex S. Evans, who was sentenced to death for killing three policemen—had been deadlocked before the Supreme Court for months, with the new Chief Justice and Justices John M. Harlan, Potter Stewart, and Byron R. White holding for reversal of the Court of Appeals,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Justices Hugo L. Black, William O. Douglas, William J. Brennan, Jr., and Thurgood Marshall holding against reversal. The stalemate continued until the newest Justice, Harry A. Blackmun, took his seat. He then voted for reversal and the admission of the hearsay evidence.

Presumably, the "strict constructionists" whom President Nixon repeatedly promised to put on the Supreme Court were to be men who would stick to a literal interpretation of the Constitution. But since that document is what is known as "living"—that is, it grows or shrinks through interpretation—the word "literal" can refer only to the kind of interpretation that is based on precedent. Clearly, the precedent in Dutton v. Evans was the 1965 ruling of the Warren Court, along with a body of similar rulings it had made in other criminal cases. And, as a matter of law and logic, the 1965 precedent is as solid as, say, Marbury v. Madison, which was handed down in 1803 and made the Supreme Court the final arbiter of what the Constitution means. In sum, then, the strict constructionists whom Mr. Nixon put on the Court are as much innovators as the Justices they replaced. But the newcomers innovate with a difference, for where the Warren Court's most controversial rulings merely stated that defendants in criminal actions had long been denied their ordinary Constitutional rights, the Burger Court has gone back to the old system of tacitly approving that denial.

The Constitution and the Bill of Rights have been described as the most nearly perfect instruments ever devised for protecting citizens against governmental infringements upon their liberties. Thus, the Court's move to narrow, rather than broaden, Constitutional protection in a state case limits every citizen's liberties; more important, since ninety-three per cent of all criminal cases are tried in state courts, the decision places ninety-three per cent of all defendants, guilty and innocent alike, at a severe disadvantage. In the case at hand, moreover, the Court has told the defendant, in effect, that he might have been better off if he had killed F.B.I. agents rather than local policemen, because then he could have received federal instead of state justice. Part of the endless struggle to establish justice has been the attempt to establish it uniformly. Indisputably, Georgia justice is different from Maine justice or Nebraska justice; indisputably, it should not be. The Burger Court's approval of that inequity in as fundamental a matter as the use of hearsay evidence suggests that other basic safeguards defined by the Warren Court—most of which were aimed at giving the poor and the ignorant the rights that the well-to-do and the informed had possessed all along—may soon also be eradicated. If that happens, the hope of attaining equal justice under the law, which millions have waited so long to see fulfilled, will turn into despair.

•

OVERHEARD in a Fifth Avenue handbag shop, lady customer to harassed saleswoman, who had obviously taken from the shelves and put on the counter every bag in the store: "Thank you so much for the inconvenience I've caused you."

Garrick Ohlsson

OUTSTANDING pianists almost invariably surface early in life, equipped with a mysterious combination of virtuoso technique and interpretative talent that contradicts their calendar age. The latest example of this select species is Garrick Ohlsson, a twenty-two-year-old Juilliard student of Swedish and Italian extraction who recently appeared here with the Philadelphia Orchestra, playing the Chopin E-Minor Concerto, the work that won him first prize at the 1970 Chopin International Piano Competition in Warsaw. (During the last four years, Mr. Ohlsson has won two other piano contests—the Busoni, in Bolzano, which he entered almost casually, to acquire some performing experience, and the Montreal, in which he took the first prize away from a squad of expert but overconfident Russians.)

We attended Mr. Ohlsson's début with the Philadelphia—which was warmly received by both the audience and the critics—and, having learned that he commutes to New York from White Plains, where his parents live, arranged to have a talk with him the next day at the apartment of a friend. When we arrived there, we found our *Wunderkind*—a bespectacled, brown-haired giant, who proved to be a disconcerting blend of youthful exuberance and artistic sophistication—calming his nerves with a limpid Mozart sonata. He sprang up from the piano bench to greet us, and remarked with a grin that Mozart was a wonderful composer to decompress with after a six-month diet of Chopin. "You'd think that after three weeks of competition and two more of concerts all over Poland I'd be reasonably relaxed about playing Chopin in public, but I'm not," Mr. Ohlsson told us. "When Mr. Ormandy turned to me after the first movement of the concerto last night and asked if I was nervous, I had to admit that I was somewhat less than tranquil. He tried to reassure me by saying that the piano sounded beautiful and nobody would notice. At that point, I mopped my forehead with my handkerchief, which must have telegraphed my state of mind to the entire audience."

Looking up at Mr. Ohlsson—he stands six feet four inches and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds—we remarked that he must be one of the biggest of the young pianists as well as one of the best. "If Juilliard had a football team, I'd probably be on it," he replied. "But we're above such things. I do like sports, though. I swim and sail, and I skied a bit until I had an accident that resulted in a dislocated shoulder. My right arm was immobilized for six weeks, so I used the time to learn Ravel's Concerto for the Left Hand. That turned out to be a stroke of luck, because when I was in Poland the Warsaw Philharmonic was desperately looking for someone who could play the concerto to replace Leon Fleisher, who had suddenly become ill. Since most of my fellow-contestants were completely submerged in Romantic music—specifically, Chopin—who do you think they found? Me."

Both of us sat down on a rather fragile antique sofa, and we asked Mr. Ohlsson to what extent his size influenced his playing. He replied that he had a useful reach—twelve notes in the left hand and eleven in the right—and had considerable power when he wanted to use it. "Technically, what I'm working hardest on at the moment is the control of sonority within a wide dynamic range," he said. "Peo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Just listen to all that whirring and buzzing and clicking, and not a single demand for a raise!"

• •

ple always say it's easier to play loud and fast, but to play with fullness *and* rapidity—not just smashing through the notes—requires considerably more work than most pianists are willing to admit. I couldn't describe my style at this point in my career, but after the first round of the Chopin one of the Polish critics baptized me 'the bear-butterfly,' and the nickname stuck. This was because I opened with the F-Sharp-Minor Polonaise, which I probably played louder than anybody else in the competition. It was a deliberately unorthodox approach. I felt that this Polonaise, which is full of big chords, and in its written texture is almost like Rachmaninoff, demands a fullness, a sonority, that is not associated with the typical Chopin style. Then, when I got to the Barcarolle, I worked pretty hard to get a distant pianissimo in the middle section. So the next morning Józef Kánski, of the *Trybuna Ludu*, wrote that I had played the Polonaise like a bear and the Barcarolle like a butterfly."

We asked if the Chopin competition was more taxing than the others he had won, and Mr. Ohlsson replied diplomatically that it was different. "In the Busoni or the Montreal, you play everything, from Bach to Webern," he explained. "The idea is to see if you can handle a wide variety of styles competently. The Chopin, which is held every five years, requires a commitment to a major body of piano literature by a single composer, so it's not just a measure of how well you play the piano; it's a question of developing a point of view about the Chopin style and of producing great variety within that style. You can't fake the art of playing Chopin. If you can't manage it, everybody knows very quickly. What attracted me to the competition was the idea that it would expand my repertoire and give me a goal to work toward, and, I hoped, a win. Since I didn't want to go over ground I'd already covered, I concentrated on works I hadn't performed: the E-Minor Piano Concerto, which is more brilliant technically than the F-Minor; the B-Mi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nor Sonata; certain nocturnes and études. I worked for six months, but there were many contestants who had played nothing but Chopin for two or three years. The Russians, for example, selected three competitors from an initial group of six hundred and ten and then gave them a year of intensive training. Whereas we Americans—there were nine of us—tended to have rather broader musical horizons."

"What *is* your idea of the Chopin style?" we asked.

"The basics are a fluent and rather elegant technique and less of the massive sonorities that one would use in Brahms or Tchaikovsky," Mr. Ohlsson replied. "Then, I watch out for the lyrical lines and contrapuntal work; people often overlook the fact that Chopin was one of the very great natural contrapuntalists in music. If you take the first Prelude and play it very slowly, you'll hear startling resemblences in its construction to Bach. Chopin was a Romanticist to the core, but his training was severely classical. Of course, his music demands a personal approach, but I think you must consider what the composer intended before you decide how to make it your own."

We asked Mr. Ohlsson what plans he has for the future, and he told us that he is booked for a number of concerts and recitals in the United States. "I've been playing in Italy since winning the Busoni, and I was invited back to Poland, which is nice, because half my prize money is sitting in a bank there," he said. "But I'd like to go slowly; too many competition winners have played themselves out in a couple of years. Then, I want to explore unfamiliar repertoire—lots of pre-Bach, more Beethoven, and some of the Spanish composers—and I intend to work out a schedule that will permit me to finish my last two semesters at Juilliard. Curiously, the two musical requirements I haven't completed yet are the obligatory public recital and the graduation exam—you play a complete program for the piano faculty. I'm not much worried about either at the moment, but I do think long and hard about my draft status. I'll be 1-A in June."

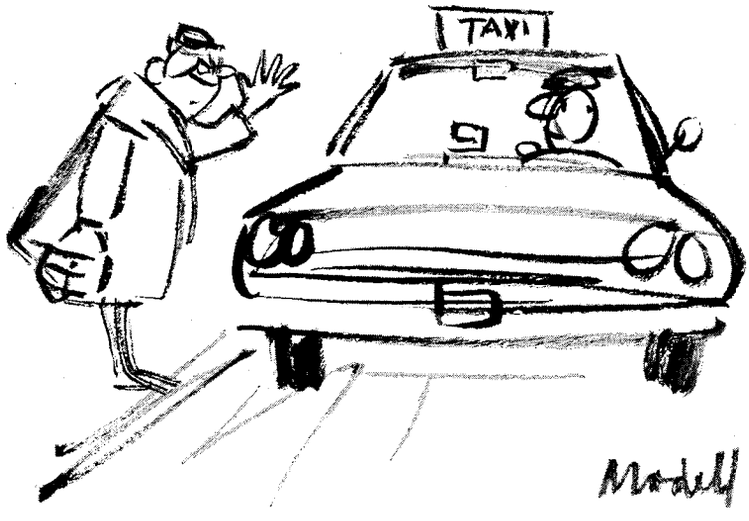
•

LEGEND on a tag attached to a new pair of pajamas:

THIS PAJAMA HAS BEEN SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TO FIT THE HUMAN BODY

Verdict

THE air in New York is studied every day by the city's Department of Air Resources (part of the Environmental Protection Administration), which then designates it as having been "Good," "Acceptable," "Unsatisfactory," or "Unhealthy" for the preceding twenty-four-hour period. To arrive at the daily verdict, which was "Unsatisfactory" for a hundred and ninety-two days of the first three hundred and sixty-one days of 1970 and "Unhealthy" for eighty days of the first three hundred and sixty-one, the Department of Air Resources studies our air for pollution levels of (1) sulphur dioxide, an invisible irritant gas produced almost entirely by the burning of fuels to heat buildings and to provide power; (2) smoke shade, which consists of particles produced by heating and power generation, and also by industry, transportation, and the incineration of refuse; (3) carbon monoxide, which is produced by automotive exhaust; and (4) photochemical oxidants, which are chemical compounds formed by the action of strong sunlight on nitrogen oxides and hydrocarbons, which themselves are formed by automobile and power-plant exhausts. There are thirty-eight stations around the city where pollution data are collected. One of them is on the roof of the Arsenal, in Central Park, and there, one morning last week that felt Air Terrible to us, we met Dr. Edward Ferrand, Director of Technical Services of the Department of Air Resources, and one of his staff members, Duane Emmett, who services the air-monitoring station, hourly collecting sulphur dioxide in calibrated test tubes. Dr. Ferrand, a bald, dark-complexioned, calm, professorial-looking man, was wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a professorial tweed coat and unmatching trousers. He had been a professor of chemistry at Cooper Union for twenty years when, in 1967, he became involved in setting up the city's Bureau of Technical Services. Mr. Emmett, a calm, wiry-looking young man with a small mustache, was wearing a windbreaker and seemed eager to get going on his test tubes. It was very nice up on the roof, which had some outside equipment on it, including an aerovane and a gooseneck pipe sucking in air and conducting it into an enclosure in a turret. There was a great view of the Zoo, and the morning was sunny and mild.



"Beautiful day, but not in terms of pollution," Dr. Ferrand said, guiding us into the enclosure, which had a lot of laboratory equipment in it.

"At what point

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

today are you going to decide on the air-pollution index?" we asked.

"At three o'clock," Dr. Ferrand replied. "Every day, the reports come in from the stations. Our telemetry transmitter here"—he touched one of the machines—"gets the information, converts it into impulses, and sends it, over a telephone line, to a computer at our main headquarters, at Cooper Union. What Duane is collecting here in the test tubes is for use in case our automatic equipment breaks down, and it also provides a check on the machines."

"Well, how do things look at the moment?" we asked.

"Not good," Dr. Ferrand said. "The wind speed is too low. The main thing we measure is sulphur dioxide. Point-five molecules per million is very high, but your own threshold is a very subjective thing." He examined the markings on an automatic graph while Mr. Emmett filled a case with twenty-four test tubes of samplings.

"How much sulphur dioxide?" we asked.

"Point-one-three," said Dr. Ferrand. "Actually, I read point-one-six, but on this particular machine I subtract point-zero-three for carbon dioxide. As you know, sulphur dioxide reacts in your system with water to form sulphurous acid and, possibly, sulphuric acid. Very corrosive. Very irritating."

"Terrible," we said.

"Not as bad as it used to be," Dr. Ferrand said. "Just think back to 1964, to 1965, before we had laws controlling the burning of fuels. We used to reach two-point-three molecules per million of sulphur dioxide. Now we've got it somewhat under control. What we have to work on next is the carbon monoxide. Right now we're showing five molecules per million of carbon monoxide. Not much. If the wind changes, blowing it up from Fifth Avenue, we'll go up to *twenty*."

"Terrible," we said.

"We have chosen to report what it is in the high-traffic areas," Dr. Ferrand said. "We have one probe on Forty-fifth Street between Park and Lexington. It's a stanchion with tubes, at nose level. Those canyon streets!"

"Pretty terrible," we said. "What's that smell in here?"

"The ink on the machine," Mr. Emmett said. "We once used a red ink that I couldn't stand. This one isn't bad."

"What we're measuring here doesn't smell," Dr. Ferrand said. "If we got a concentration of sulphur dioxide that you could smell, we'd *really* be in trouble."

We asked for a quick rundown of the equipment measuring the index for the day. Dr. Ferrand listed the following: an aerovane, to measure wind speed and direction; a smoke-shade recorder, which registered the relative amounts of black, gray, and white particles in the air every half hour; a bubbler admitting a calibrated flow of air through a mild peroxide solution, to help analyze the sulphur dioxide; a Pyrex probe going through the roof, with little sub-pipes to send samples here and there; twenty-four sampler tubes, one for each hour of the day; and a carbon-monoxide sampler. The equipment for all thirty-eight stations cost the city half a million dollars, which Dr. Ferrand said was dirt cheap.

"We have a smart little electronic circuit here that interrogates all the instruments," Dr. Ferrand told us. "When we get to my office, I'll show you where the answers come in."

"Is it when you get them that you figure out the verdict for the day?" we asked.

Dr. Ferrand looked a bit beleaguered. "Everybody wants us to describe a very complex situation with one word," he said. " 'Acceptable,' 'Satisfactory,' et cetera. In the beginning, we were going to say where in the city the air pollution was worst, and what the high for the day was, and things like that, but we've been pushed to give one word. One *word* for the sulphur-dioxide and smoke-shade reports from the automatic stations—there are ten—plus the carbon-monoxide readings from the station at nose level in midtown, plus oxidant readings at Cooper

"Perhaps that was a poor idea. Let's not all reflect on what the new year may bring."

• •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The sex isn't so much, but the violence is marvellous!"

• •

Union and our laboratory station in Harlem. Let's go."

Mr. Emmett picked up his case of test tubes, and the three of us went back out onto the roof, where we all paused to take a look at a high-volume sampler for suspended particles in the air. (Non-suspended particles are the ones that settle, like dust.) Mr. Emmett took a piece of pure-white filter paper out of his case and handed it to Dr. Ferrand.

"This is the sort of sampler that we put in this little station every morning," Dr. Ferrand told us as Mr. Emmett removed the sampler that had been in the station for twenty-four hours. To us, what had coated it looked as black as coal. "They come a lot blacker than that," Dr. Ferrand said. "It's what your lungs look like."

"Awful," we said.

"You can say that again," Dr. Ferrand said.

Mr. Emmett put the black-coated sampler in his case. Dr. Ferrand said they would take it to Harlem for weighing and afterward to Cooper Union for metal analysis.

We then accompanied Dr. Ferrand to his office at Cooper Union and waited for the verdict on the day. His office was crowded with people (he started with a staff of sixteen in 1967 and now has eighty, including chemists, physicists, electronic engineers, and doctors specializing in experimental medicine) and with laboratory equipment and machines. There were also filing cabinets, whose index tabs had labels reading "Air Analysis," "Smoke Shade," and such, and books entitled "Clean Air and the Diesel," "Steam Boiler Engineering," "Petroleum Products Handbook," and the like. The office walls were decorated with a large map of the city on which yellow circles marked monitoring stations and black-bordered yellow circles marked telemetry stations, and with lists of industries that contribute to pollution of the air. Among the machines were computers, teletype machines, weather-map recorders, oscilloscopes, voltmeters, and the interrogator-computer that talks to the telemetry transmitters.

Dr. Ferrand calmly went about conferring with his people and looking at his machines. We asked him if there was any chance of getting a verdict of "Good" for the day's air. He said no. To be "Good," the air levels would have to contain no more than point-zero-three molecules per million of sulphur dioxide, and no more than ten parts per million of carbon monoxide—a level that is regularly exceeded at breathing level in high-traffic areas. Just before three o'clock, the teletype machines started reporting: from Central Park, .09 molecules per million of sulphur dioxide; from Seaview, on Staten Island, .10 molecules per million of sulphur dioxide; from Queens College, .07 molecules per million.

The verdict: "Today's levels were again in the 'Unsatisfactory' range. Despite some improvement, tomorrow's levels are again expected to be 'Unsatisfactory.'"

"Got anything comforting to say?" we asked Dr. Ferrand.

"Yes," he said. "Smoking is much more of an insult to your system."

Greetings

A MAN we know was awakened from a deep sleep around five-thirty the other morning by the jangling of the phone beside his bed. Groping in the dark, he knocked over an alarm clock, sent a lamp crashing to the floor, toppled a bud vase filled with water, and managed to get the phone off the hook in time to hear a voice saying, "This is a recording. You have dialled the wrong number. Please hang up and dial again."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DEATH OF EDWARD LEAR

THE death of Edward Lear took place on a Sunday morning in January, 1888. Invitations were sent out well in advance. The invitations read:

MR. EDWARD LEAR
NONSENSE WRITER AND LANDSCAPE PAINTER
REQUESTS THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE
ON THE OCCASION OF HIS DEMISE.
SAN REMO
THE 29TH OF JANUARY
2:20 A.M.
PLEASE REPLY

One can imagine the feelings of the recipients. Our dear friend! is preparing to depart! and suchlike. Mr. Lear! who has given us so much pleasure! and suchlike. On the other hand, his years were considered. Mr. Lear! who must be, now let me see . . . And there was a good deal of, I remember the first time I (dipped into) (was seized by) . . . But on the whole, Mr. Lear's acquaintances approached the occasion with a mixture of solemnity and practicalness, perhaps remembering the words of Lear's great friend, Tennyson:

> Old men must die, or the world would grow mouldy,

and:

> For men may come and men may go,
> But I go on forever.

People prepared to attend the death of Edward Lear as they might for a day in the country. Picnic baskets were packed (for it would be wrong to expect too much of Mr. Lear's hospitality, under the circumstances); bottles of wine were wrapped in white napkins. Toys were chosen for the children. There were debates as to whether the dog ought to be taken or left behind. (Some of the dogs actually present at the death of Edward Lear could not restrain themselves; they frolicked about the dying man's chamber, tugged at the bedclothes, and made such nuisances of themselves that they had to be removed from the room.)

Most of Mr. Lear's friends decided that the appropriate time to arrive at the Villa would be midnight, or in that neighborhood, in order to allow the old gentleman time to make whatever remarks he might have in mind, or do whatever he wanted to do, before the event. Everyone understood what the time specified in the invitation meant. And so the visitors found themselves being handed down from their carriages (by Lear's servant, Giuseppe Orsini) in almost total darkness. Pausing to greet people they knew, or to corral straying children, they were at length ushered into a large room on the first floor, where the artist had been accustomed to exhibit his watercolors, and thence by a comfortably wide staircase to a similar room on the second floor, where Mr. Lear himself waited, in bed, wearing an old velvet smoking jacket and his familiar silver spectacles with tiny oval lenses. Several dozen straight-backed chairs had been arranged in a rough semicircle around the bed; these were soon filled, and later arrivals stood along the walls.

Mr. Lear's first words were "I've no money!" As each new group of guests entered the room, he repeated, "I've no money! No money!" He looked extremely tired, yet calm. His ample beard, gray yet retaining patches of black, had evidently not been trimmed in some days. He seemed very nervous and immediately began to discourse, as if to prevent anyone else from doing so.

He began by thanking all those present for attending, and expressing the hope that he had not put them to too great an inconvenience, acknowledging that the hour was "an unusual one for visits!" He said that he could not find words sufficient to disclose his pleasure in seeing so many of his friends gathered together at his side. He then delivered a pretty little lecture, of some twelve minutes' duration, on the production of his various writings, of which no one has been able to recall the substance, although everyone agrees that it was most charming, graceful, and wise.

He then startled his guests with a question, uttered in a kind of shriek: "Should I get married? Get married? Should I marry?"

Mr. Lear next offered a short homily on the subject, Friendship. Friendship, he said, is the most golden of the affections. It is also, he said, often the *strongest* of human ties, surviving strains and tempests fatal to less sublime relations. He noted that his own many friendships constituted the richest memory of a long life.

A disquisition on Cats followed.

When Mr. Lear reached the topic, Children, a certain restlessness was observed among his guests. (He had not ceased to shout at intervals, "Should I get married?" and "I've no money!") He then displayed copies of his books, but as everybody had already read them, not more than a polite interest was generated. Next he held up, one by one, a selection of his watercolors—views of various antiquities and picturesque spots. These, too, were familiar; they were the same watercolors the old gentleman had been offering for sale, at £5 and £10, for the past forty years.

Mr. Lear now sang a text of Tennyson's in a setting of his own, accompanying himself on a mandolin. Although his voice was thin and cracked frequently, the song excited vigorous applause.

Finally he caused to be hauled into the room by servants an enormous oil, at least seven feet by ten, depicting Mount Athos. There was a murmur of appreciation, but it did not seem to satisfy the painter, for he assumed a very black look.

At two-fifteen, Mr. Lear performed a series of actions the meaning of which was obscure to the spectators.

At two-twenty, he reached over to the bedside table, picked up an old-fashioned pen that lay there, and died.

A death mask was immediately taken. The guests, weeping unaffectedly, moved in a long line back to the carriages.

PEOPLE who had attended the death of Edward Lear agreed that, all in all, it had been a somewhat tedious performance. Why had he seen fit to read the same old verses, sing again the familiar songs, show the well-known pictures, run through his repertoire once more? Why invitations? Then something was understood: that Mr. Lear had been doing what he had always done, and therefore, not doing anything extraordinary. Mr. Lear had transformed the extraordinary into its opposite. He had, in point of fact, created a gentle, genial misunderstanding.

Thus the guests began, as time passed, to regard the affair in a historical light. They told their friends about it, reënacted parts of it for their children and grandchildren. They would reproduce the way the old man had piped "I've no money!" in a comical voice, and quote his odd remarks about marrying. The death of Edward Lear became so popular, as time passed, that revivals were staged in every part of the country, with considerable success. The death of Edward Lear can still be seen, in the smaller cities, in versions enriched by interpretation, textual emendation, and changing fashion. One modification is curious; no one knows how it came about. The supporting company plays in the traditional way, but Lear himself appears shouting, shaking, vibrant with rage.

—DONALD BARTHELME

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOLY FAMILY

SHE came down late in the mornings. She came down to the living room, where snow and soot had accumulated in the bottom corners of the picture window, and slowly started to pick up toys and newspapers the baby had ripped. When we don't like our lives—what we awake to in the morning—we stay in bed. That is what my sister did. This aggravated everything, however. When she finally did appear on the staircase, sometimes as late as eleven o'clock, in a dress that seemed (so stifling had the apartment become) to be made of the same material as the sofa, the rug on the floor, and the drapes, Gregory had done half a dozen perilous things, and my sister was blamed for ignoring him. "He could be in downtown Albany!" my mother said on our second Saturday morning there. She nodded at Gregory, who was leaning against the collapsible fence across the stairs. He looked up at us, as if we might open it for him. "A few minutes ago, I caught him almost out the back door. He's needed a bath since breakfast, of course. You could at least get up to bathe the child."

"I'm up, Mother, I'm up," Ann said. She lifted Greg and put him on her lap. She lighted a cigarette and began leafing through the newspaper.

My sister's apartment in Albany was really half of a house—one of those hillside houses split down the middle. From a little entryway beside the garage on the ground floor, one climbed a flight of steep stairs to the living and dining and kitchen level; another flight led up to the bedrooms on the top floor. It was a small place, even for Ann and her husband, Rob, and the baby, but my mother and father and I had converged here for Christmas, at Ann's insistence. It was the second year of her marriage, and she was determined that for once we would be together. My other sister, Louise, lived in Denver, which was too far away for her to come to our gathering, but she was the oldest and had been married and away for years. It was the rest of the family—my parents and me—that Ann wanted to capture for the holidays. When we said that the apartment might not be big enough for all of us, she wailed that she wouldn't hear of any other plan. And so it was arranged that my parents would drive up from our home in New Jersey and I would fly in from Chicago, where I was a sophomore in college. It was one of those family plans that made us all burst into laughter when we discussed it in several calls over the long-distance telephone, but I don't think any of us really knew how it would work out. Rob, who had just taken his engineering degree, was away at his office for fourteen or sixteen hours a day, and after Christmas had come and gone I began to feel as if this family reunion, in a strange house and a strange town, had become permanent—a continuation of our old life together.

"You're not just going to sit there, I hope," my mother said to Ann now. "Reading the paper while your son stinks to high heaven." She reached forward to take Greg, but my sister pulled him back.

"Mother, I'll give him a bath when I'm ready to," she said. "Who do you think gives him his bath when you're not here?"

"I'm afraid to ask."

Silence.

"I don't care then, if you don't," my mother said. "Even if he *is* my grandson."

Noise of struggle as my mother captured Gregory at last.

"Oh, Mother, I'll *give* him a bath! God!"

My father and I plunged deeper into our magazines. A few minutes later, I glanced out the window and saw the Zewalskis. I leaped out of my chair, screaming, "They're here, they're here!" My sister came out of the kitchen and watched them getting out of their car on the street below. She snatched up the first section of newspaper and said, "You answer the door. I've got to go to the john!"

We leaned against each other, giggling wildly. My sister and I were silly together in a way I could not account for. "No, you can't do that," I said. "*I* have to go to the john!"

"Now stop it," my father said. "You can't all go to the bathroom. Someone answer the door."

"Damn," I said. I sighed and went down the stairs.

The daily visit of Mr. and Mrs. Zewalski, our in-laws, had become the central feature of this Christmas visit. They came every single day and never stayed for less than three hours; sometimes they stayed for lunch and dinner, from morning until after dark. On Saturdays and Sundays, they came to watch football on TV with Rob, their son. On other days, they came to play with Greg or to merely sit there in the living room with us. They stayed whether they were bored or amused, whether any of us had anything left to say or could not open his mouth even to yawn. This visit to my sister's was one of several they made every day, and no visit was ever omitted or rushed during their rounds of friends and family. "We were just at Sammy's. They got a new car Saturday," they would say, on arriving. Or, "I had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to stop off at Frank's with one of these boxes of Christmas cookies the Kiwanis Club is selling this year." It struck me that they must go home only to change clothes or sleep.

This time, Mrs. Zewalski announced to me, "We were just over at our daughter's babysitting while she was at the dentist's."

I stood there with them and took their coats and hung them up in the entryway closet. They went upstairs, but I went to the door and stuck my head out. There was dirty snow piled up beside our sidewalk, and a little girl in a red parka was dragging a sled down the street, upside down. It was a warm Saturday, and the gutters gurgled with water. But the air was cool and wet, and I did not want to stay inside. When I trooped dispiritedly up the stairs behind the Zewalskis, I noticed that my white woollen socks were black on the bottom and losing their shape. I had been in the house so much that I had stopped wearing shoes. It seemed we had been inside the apartment all winter.

My mother met the Zewalskis at the top of the stairs. My father said hello. Gregory, wide-eyed, was snatched up by Mr. Zewalski, and Mrs. Zewalski sat down on the edge of the rocking chair, carefully setting her purse on the rug. She poked at her blond hair, which was set in a neat permanent; she always looked as if she had come straight from the hairdresser's. You could see from the structure of her face that she had once been a pretty woman—the sort that my grandmother used to call "a Dresden doll." Her blue eyes and skin were unchanged. She had a pleasant, slow way of talking and she liked to laugh. Whenever my father offered the Zewalskis a cocktail, she always declined with a sweet smile and slow wave of her hand: "No, thanks. I'd just like some iced tea, if you have it."

She had been an alcoholic but she had not drunk for years. My sister told me that once, when Rob was nine, he and his father had gone to the Adirondacks on a camping trip, and when they came home they found his mother lying at the bottom of the front stairs with a broken arm. She had fallen, and had been lying there for almost a whole day. When they asked why she hadn't called an ambulance, she said that she was not dressed well enough for that, and that she did not want to be found with liquor on her breath.

"I don't know what the moral is, but the Penn Central's broke, the city's broke, and I'm thirty-five cents to the good."

• •

Mr. Zewalski was impeccable. He hardly touched his cocktail; he once told us that he preferred wheat germ and ionized yeast. He had fine hair, graying at the temples, a trimmed mustache, and square white teeth. From the minute he came in the door, he kept laughing, hoisting Gregory into the air, handing me a piece of fruitcake, or picking up the paper to show us the name of some friend's son who had starred in a local high-school football game. Rob had played football in college. "Come on, let's see you do your pushups!" Mr. Zewalski, kneeling on the floor, said to Gregory. He held him by the stomach and lifted him up and down, looking up at us with his brilliant teeth. "He's as strong as an ox!" he said. He did not hear well, but it hardly mattered, because he was one of those people who talk without listening. On every visit, he asked me when I had to go back to school. I always told him, but the answer never registered. Conversation, for Mr. Zewalski, was a chance to be cheerful.

On this last Saturday of our two-week stay, we sat as usual in that living room, where Ann kept the few good pieces of furniture Mom and Dad had given her—Siamese carved tables, a piano, a table from the Caribbean made of the trunk of a tree—which were waiting for better days when they would be in a proper setting. After a few minutes of desultory talk, we were reduced to watching Mr. Zewalski play with Gregory on the floor. We stared at the baby, hungry for something he might do that we could all laugh over.

"When do you go back, Rich?" Mr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LOVEPET

Was it an animal? Was it a bird?
She stroked it. He spoke to it softly.
She made her voice its happy forest.
He brought it out with sugarlump smiles.
Soon it was licking their kisses.

She gave it the strings of her voice, which it swallowed.
He gave it the blood of his face, it grew eager.
She gave it the licorice of her mouth, it began to thrive.
He opened the aniseed of his future
And it bit and gulped, grew vicious, snatched
The focus of his eyes.
She gave it the steadiness of her hand.
He gave it the strength of his spine, it ate everything.

It began to cry. What could they give it?
They gave it their calendars, it bolted their diaries.
They gave it their sleep, it gobbled their dreams.
Even while they slept,
It ate their bodyskin and the muscle beneath.
They gave it vows, its teeth clashed its starvation
Through every word they uttered.

It found snakes under the floor, it ate them.
It found a spider horror
In their palms and ate it.

They gave it double smiles and blank silence.
It chewed holes in their carpets.
They gave it logic.
It ate the color of their hair.
They gave it every argument that would come.
They gave it shouting and yelling, they meant it.
It ate the faces of their children.

They gave it their photograph albums, they gave it their records.
It ate the color of the sun.
They gave it a thousand letters, they gave it money.
It ate their future complete, it waited for them,
Staring and starving.
They gave it screams, it had gone too far.
It ate into their brains.
It ate the roof.
It ate lonely stone, it ate wind, crying famine.
It went furiously off.

They wept, they called it back, it could have everything.
It stripped out their nerves, chewed, chewed flavorless.
It bit at their numb bodies, they did not resist.
It bit into their blank brains, they hardly knew.

It moved bellowing
Through a ruin of starlight and crockery.

It drew slowly off, they could not move.

It went far away, they could not speak.

Only their tears moved.

—Ted Hughes

• •

Zewalski asked me, balancing Greg on his thigh.

"The fourth of January. Week from today."

"Oh, that's not bad."

"Susan's littlest boy, Jerry, fell down their coal chute yesterday," Mrs. Zewalski said. "You should have seen his clothes."

We sat in a strange light, a milky glow from the radiance of the snow outside thrown into our room through the picture window. The relationship of these people seemed strange to me. My parents had never accepted Rob, and Rob's parents, we had discovered, did not approve of the woman their son had married. Each family was convinced its child had married down.

Ann was still upstairs, and now, unable to endure the silence, I stood up and went into the kitchen, explaining that I had not eaten a thing since getting up. I turned on the radio, keeping it low, and began making a sandwich. When I returned, they were still watching Greg. He was being held in midair by Mr. Zewalski, with only one toe touching the crossed thigh below him. Mr. Zewalski's hands around Greg's rib cage kept the package together and made the baby's arms rise slightly, so that he looked like a small bird hanging and waiting to fly. Every now and then Greg slipped off his perch with a jerk, then hung in surprise from his grandfather's hands, staring at us with blue eyes. We stared back at him, stiff smiles on our faces.

Upstairs, the toilet flushed.

"I think he's getting a cold," Mrs. Zewalski said.

We stared hard at Gregory, and in my bored imagination I set off a terrific explosion, after which everyone was carried out of the apartment on stretchers.

Mr. Zewalski took out a clean white handkerchief and wiped Greg's nose. Greg turned around to look up at him when he had withdrawn the handkerchief, and then, with a tremulous jerk of his body, whirled back to look at us.

"You see the Bills lost to Houston?" Mr. Zewalski said to my father. "If Aronski had been there, they wouldn't have gone past the ten-yard line. He's in the hospital now. A car accident, out near Rochester."

"These expressways!" Mother said. "Yesterday, I made Bruce get off. I've never seen people change lanes the way they do here."

"My wife is too nervous," Father said.

"They drive like maniacs around here," Mrs. Zewalski said.

My sister came downstairs and said hello in a surprised voice. She began to arrange some of the opened Christmas presents, still in their boxes, that were stacked on the piano.

"Sue's kids got such a kick out of their gifts this year," Mrs. Zewalski said.

"You should have seen them with that Batman set!" Mr. Zewalski said. His eyes crinkled as he laughed.

"Rob and Greg played with his dinosaur for over an hour last night," my mother said.

When Rob came home in the evenings, usually after dark and even after his parents had left, he would often call up the stairs, "Did Mom and Dad come today?" Then we would hear him picking up some of Greg's plastic toys as he came up the stairs. "Did they bring Greg *another* toy today?" he said to us with a laugh. The two sets of grandparents were engaged in an undeclared contest of generosity, each showering their grandchild with an unending stream of toys.

"Too bad about Rob and that of-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fice," Mr. Zewalski said now. "They work him too hard. And on a Saturday, too."

"He was always a worker," Mrs. Zewalski said slowly.

My parents sat, both of them smoking continuously. Mrs. Zewalski rocked in the rocker, looking at Gregory with her chin on her hand. Finally, Mr. Zewalski leaned forward and said, "Let's see if there's a game on. This time of year, they have them all the time." He turned on the television, and with the voice of the announcer we were suddenly more cheerful.

"Do you think Milton Cross actually speaks Italian or just pronounces it?"

• •

THAT afternoon, Ann and my mother and I took Greg out for a walk. We took a lot of walks that week, whether it was overcast or sunny—two or three of us and the baby. It was never stated, but we knew that this was a way to miss part of the Zewalskis' visits. There was no place you could really go on walks. You went down a hill and it ended in a highway. You traipsed through the woods and found yourself in the back yard of an expensive house, hidden alone in the trees. We always ended up at the grade school, where I would brush the snow from one of the swings and sit there till the cold came through my pants. We would get up and walk along, pushing Greg's stroller and looking at the paper snowflakes pasted on the windows of the second- and third-grade classrooms. Angels and Holy Families followed us all the way down the building. The playground was always full of snowball fights and children on sleds, but Greg was too small to be left to himself, so we always moved on. We walked through the hills, up and down wet asphalt roads, and cars hissed as they passed, throwing up droplets of muddy water. There were Christmas displays—Santas or mangers, mostly—in front yards and windows, the plastic figures glinting weakly in the pale afternoon sun. Sometimes we climbed up to a cemetery, which had a long, winding circular road and a memorial cannon with two neat piles of cannonballs. We wandered there beneath the bare maples lining the drive and watched the winter-afternoon sky grow leaden and cold, and we strained to see the hills below through the gray uniformity of light.

When we returned from these walks—the skin of our faces cold, our eyes watering, and some part of our spirits restored—we would peer ahead to see if the Zewalskis' car, a beige Pontiac, was still at the curb in front of the house. Invariably, it was. And whoever in the family had been left behind with them would appear at the picture window, now all smiles at our return, like some sentry who has been watching for the return of his troops so that he will not have to stand off the Indians alone.

My father had stayed home that Saturday, because of the football game; he and Mr. Zewalski were hunched in the semidarkness of the living room, watching the moving patterns of players on some muddy field. We trooped in noisily. "Hi!" we said. "Hi!" It was necessary to bring exuberance into this room; too many people had been living in it.

"Oh, you should all go out for walks!" Mother said. "To breathe that air! I'm quitting smoking tomorrow." She looked around and found her pack of cigarettes on top of the TV set.

"He doesn't like to walk when it's cold," Mrs. Zewalski said.

"I get a sore throat," Mr. Zewalski said, taking off Greg's snowsuit on the sofa.

How did we know these people, I wondered. How did we have a connection with this family? I followed Ann into the kitchen. She rolled her eyes at me. Then, looking up from the cupboard, she said, "We don't have any chocolate chips. I was about to make cookies."

I grabbed her arm. "You mean, we don't have *any* chocolate chips?" I said in an alarmed whisper.

"No," she said, smiling. "We have *no* chocolate chips!"

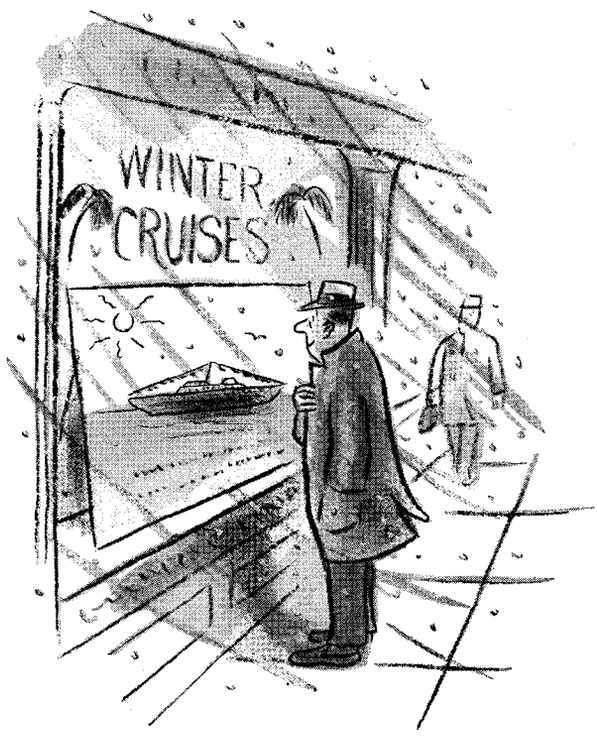
"Then let's—get some!" I cried.

We rushed into the living room and announced an emergency trip to the shopping center. Our parents pretended to smile at our wild enthusiasm; they knew we were escaping.

We were free. Ann drove, and I waved at Greg, held up by my father at the window, as we backed down the driveway. I turned on the radio. We did not speak all the way down the hill, waiting for the release to be complete. We leaned forward, peering through the streaked windshield together; there was a little plastic ice scraper resting on the dashboard, with an advertisement for a local mortuary on its handle. We drove through the fading winter afternoon—past the bakery, the gas station, the local shopping plaza, past a high school in a field of snow, down the ravines of bare poplar trees, past restaurants sitting on swaths of dark gravel. Following trucks and cars, we drove slowly through the suburbs, and then onto the expressway. We joined the stream within the banks of guardrails—trucks bound for Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Chicago, their sides glinting dull silver under the overcast sky.

On the expressway, we felt better. All this traffic affirmed the fact that there actually was a world larger than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the apartment. Ann and I could be driving anywhere, not just in pursuit of chocolate chips. The radio poured jazz over us. "I wish it would snow!" I said.

"We really shouldn't leave Mom and Dad alone with them," Ann said.

The heater filled the front seat with warmth. I took off my gloves. "No, not too long, at least," I said.

On the edge of a field of cars at the shopping center, we got out. Snow began to fall. Small flakes drifted down before our faces, and my sister, the wind stirring the gray fur collar beneath her chin, bent forward to lock her door. We went first toward a department store, Breck's, beneath huge silver Christmas wreaths rustling in the wind; in the tilting snow, the holiday decorations took on a new life, as if Christmas could be given back to us. The air was wild with a damp, cold cleanness. The exhaust fumes of cars could not reach our nostrils; they exploded in clouds at the pipe and died.

Crowds stood beneath the low ceilings in Breck's. Together, Ann and I wandered, looking at books, at clothes, at lamps and paintings. At a rack of housecoats, my sister suddenly turned to me and said, "Do you know, Rob went downstairs at three this morning and found Mother sitting there in the dark?"

I was not surprised. My mother brooded about things—mostly about Ann and her marriage. My mother and father had taken me on trips to the shopping center, too, and sometimes before we were down the hill Mother said, without even turning around in the front seat, "That sister of yours has an awful lot to learn." Then she would shift to Rob—his manners at the dinner table, the way he went around the house in an old T-shirt on weekends, the fact that he sat in the living room and read the paper while my sister did the dishes. "That's the Old World in him," Mother said. "The Zewalskis are that way, too. They don't think about the other person."

"You and that sister of yours!" my father would add. "The two of you let us sit with them for three hours yesterday."

I was always included, was somehow in the midst of all this, even though at the age of twenty I was incapable of much concern for a mere marriage.

Ann and I left Breck's and walked down the mall to the supermarket and bought four bags of chocolate chips. By the time we got back to the parking lot, the snow had stopped. I had begun to think that a majestic blizzard would save the vacation.

Driving home on the expressway, Ann said, "Why they have to come every day I'll never know." And then, in a voice so sad that she sounded as if she had a sudden heavy cold, she added, "Well, you've learned one thing from this vacation, I guess."

"What?" I said.

"Don't ever get married." She laughed.

"Oh, come on."

"Or be very careful to marry somebody Mom and Dad like. Someone whose parents make a lot of money and spend half the winter in the Caribbean. That's all they want for in-laws."

"It is not," I said.

"Well, they can't stand Rob. I know that."

"That's not true," I said.

"And Rob's father and mother will *not* leave us alone," she said in a voice rising with something like panic. "I'm going out of my mind."

The slush of the afternoon had turned to ice. A car went by, with a sharp girl driving. The top was down, she was wrapped in sweaters and scarves, and the wind blew her hair about. "Look at that!" I said.

WHEN we got home, the Zewalskis were leaving. I saw them off, downstairs in my socks again, my hands thrust deep in the pockets of my jeans. "Good night!" I cried jubilantly.

Mr. Zewalski turned when they were out on the sidewalk. "When do you go back to school, Rich?" he said.

"The fourth!" I called. "Careful on the ice! Good night!"

Christmas lights had been turned on up and down the street, and in that glow of red and green and blue, in the throbbing cold air, even the Zewalskis with their collars turned up were a festive sight. The air seemed to throw back sounds—it was hollow with cold.

My father had mixed cocktails. I put on some records. Greg lay on his stomach on the floor, flailing at a plastic ship with random swipes of his hands. Through the picture window,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lights glittered from the hill across the ravine. I lay down on the rug and watched the lights. Somewhere on the expressway Rob was coming home.

"When they come over and you spend all your time in the kitchen and then go out shopping, I'd call that rude," my mother said.

"Mother, what am I supposed to do?" Ann said. "They come over here every day. Am I supposed to have something to say to them every day? Well, I don't." Her voice was full again.

"Do you think your father and I do? God, they were here for five hours today. But you see us sitting here—"

"Well, what should I do—tell them not to come?"

"Oh, don't fight now," I said. "It's the end of the day, and dinner's almost on the table." I rose up on one elbow. "Think of it this way. The Zewalskis have been here today, which means they can't come again till tomorrow."

Something in my voice made them burst into laughter. We all laughed, so loudly that Greg looked up at us, startled. I took him on my stomach, there on the floor, and he began to bang his ship against my chest. I felt restless. I wanted to be on the turnpike. I thought of the girl in the open car, her hair blowing in the wind.

I was balancing Greg above me when Ann burst out of the kitchen. "You won't believe this!" she cried. "Now I'm out of broccoli!"

"Have something else," my father said.

"Oh, no, Daddy. I mean, that's it. I don't have corn, peas, broccoli, or anything. I used all the vegetables for dinner last night. Damn!"

"Then have a salad," he said impatiently. "Here, finish your drink."

"We *had* a salad at lunch."

"You used those two heads of lettuce?"

I stood up, yawning, and handed Greg to my mother. "Let's go to the grocery store," I said. "It won't take but a minute." And as I paused by the window to pull on a sweater, I saw a few faint flakes fall at an angle past the light above the downstairs door. "Hey, I think it might snow!"

"Isn't that wonderful!" my mother said passionately.

The hangers in the closet clattered back and forth as my sister and I again pulled down our coats and scarves. We could see our breath in the cold garage. There was a clutter of old things standing in the shadows—a tricycle, boxes of engineering books, a lawnmower, the outdoor grill, Rob's barbells, an old office typewriter. I pulled the garage door up and waited there in the freezing night as Ann backed out and then stopped the car on the steep driveway. I had taken my glove off, and my hand stuck to the cold door handle for an instant as I crashed the door down. Snow gleamed and wheeled in the headlight beams between us. The flakes were falling in the square patches thrown out by all the lighted windows of apartments down the street.

"Hurry, hurry!" Ann said, her voice cheerful with drink. "We've got to get back before Rob comes home. The last thing I remember is that I had too *much* broccoli!"

Jazz was on the radio. We moved slowly, through the thickening flurries. A car pulled out from a driveway on our right, leaving a pattern of perfect tracks on the crystal cover. When we stopped at the intersection, the snow seemed to thicken before our headlights.

"Where are we going?" I asked, clapping my gloves together.

"A store out beyond the drive-in. I hope it's open! It's the only one I know of." She grinned. "Isn't this a riot?"

The street, curving round the skeleton poplars and past the dark high school, was empty. There were no other cars—only the red glow of a tavern's window signs, an auto-repair shop, a dim yard full of tombstones wearing crusts of snow across their curved spines. The hill on our left came sharply down in trees. The snowflakes fluttered in the bright headlights—a frantic, quick shaking and then a gentle swoop as our car drew them near. "We can go sledding tomorrow," I said.

"With the Parker kids on the slopes? I wouldn't risk my life," she said, and we burst out laughing together.

We turned into the small shopping plaza. The grocery store was lighted. In a rush of joy over the snowstorm and the dinner we were about to have, we bought broccoli, peas, corn, lima beans, mixed peas and carrots, and some fudge-ripple ice cream to have with the chocolate-chip cookies. "No school tomorrow," the woman at the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

checkout counter said in a bright, energetic voice as the machine rang.

"Can you imagine Greg ever going off to school?" my sister said.

"You know, I can actually remember Mother saying that to me," I said in the cold air outside. "Before I went to first grade. She hugged me and said, 'I'm not going to let you go to school tomorrow. They'll have to come and take you away from me by force.' "

We got into the car, and I set the bag of groceries on the seat between us. "You're still her little boy," my sister said.

ON the way home, we stopped for a street light, and, through the snow, I noticed a beige Pontiac parked at the opposite corner across the street, before a brick house. "Look," I said. "Do you think that's—you know?"

"Oh, no!" my sister cried. "Come on, light, change! Quick." As she peered at the car, she grasped the steering wheel with both hands and bounced on the seat.

The light changed. We crossed the street. As we got to the corner, my sister said, "Oh, no! It is *too* them!"

I slid lower in the seat, and at that moment, across the street, the front window rolled down and Mrs. Zewalski waved at us. Ann groaned but stopped the car. She rolled down her window. Snow fluttered in the space between the two automobiles.

"Had to go to the grocery store," my sister said. "Second time today!"

"Listen, tell them to get it themselves," Mrs. Zewalski said in a voice both richer and louder than her normal one. "They run you ragged if you let 'em."

"Are you visiting?" Ann asked.

"No, I'm waiting for him. He's in there with a bowling pal. Jimmy Hechsler." Her ungloved hand was out the window, gesturing in the snowflakes.

"Why don't you go in?" my sister said.

"I wouldn't set foot in the Hechslers' house if you paid me," she said loudly. "I can't stand that man! A goofball. You know? Always kidding. There are some people you just can't stand. He's one of them."

My sister and I laughed.

"Is that Rich in there with you?"

"Yes," I said. I sat forward and waved.

"Tell him to come on over to the house someday. I'll give him some of the wonderful oxtail soup I used to make Rob. He ever tell you about it? So good for you."

"We'll be over," my sister said. "But I've got to get home now. They're still waiting for dinner."

"Tell 'em to cook it themselves," she said. Her voice cut through the air. She wanted to keep on talking, to keep us there until Mr. Zewalski came out, but Ann urged the car forward and said, "If only I could! See you later!" Before she could respond, we drove off.

"Wow!" my sister said, and we laughed. "She'd had a few."

"But I thought—"

"I've only seen her once before like that, at her brother's anniversary party. They almost had a *fit*. You know, she's been on the wagon for years."

"Yes, I know. Do you think she's going to—you know, start again?"

"I don't think so," Ann said. "But I wouldn't blame her if she did. He goes bowling and sells those damn fruitcakes, but she has nothing to do but sit around their house. And visit." There was a pause, and then she added, "And when she visits she sits."

We turned down our street and the car skidded to the right slightly and then righted itself. Rob's car was at the curb, dusted with snow. As we drove up the driveway, I saw them all standing at the window, their faces red and orange in the radiance of the Christmas lights strung outside. My parents had drinks in their hands. Rob was holding Gregory up to see the snow. Rob laughed and pointed us out to Gregory; he tapped on the glass to make Greg look down at us. The snow danced and whirled in the lights.

"Oh, look!" Ann said. "They got Greg out of bed. He doesn't know what snow is." She turned to me. "What can it look like to a child that age?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I don't know."

"Don't tell Rob about his mother," she said as we got out of the car.

"No, no," I said. "Peace on earth, good will to all."

—CHARLES GARBER

"All right, break it up!"

•

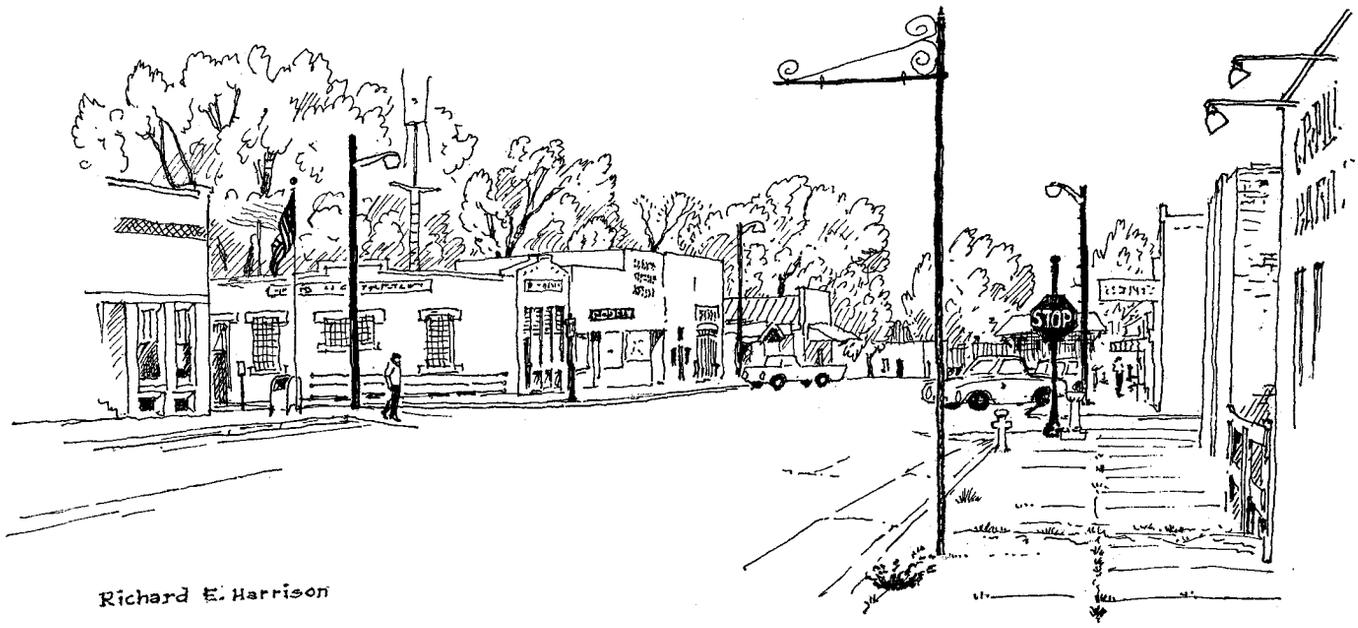
For reasons not made public, presidential counselor Daniel P. Moynihan is not going to be the next U. S. ambassador to the United States after all.—*Washington (D. C.) Evening Star.*

Can we take a wild guess?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROFILES

A PEACEABLE TOWN



STAPLETON, where I lived for a month not long ago, is a crossroads county seat in the Sand Hills country of western Nebraska. It was founded in 1912, and it has a population of three hundred and three. The Sand Hills are grassy dunes. They are great, oceanic waves of sand with a carpeting of the rich native grass that nourished the buffalo—sand bluestem, prairie sand reed, sand lovegrass, switch grass, needle and thread. Briefly green in the short prairie spring, then brown and dry and blowing in the perpetual prairie wind, the Sand Hills form the largest natural cattle range in the United States. They cover all or much of twenty Nebraska counties. One of these, Cherry County, is bigger than Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. Logan County, of which Stapleton is the seat, is the smallest of the Sand Hills counties. It is roughly twice the size of Cape Cod. The Sand Hills grasslands are the quiddity of Stapleton. They surround and contain and sustain it. They also isolate it. Stapleton is the only town in Logan County. Its nearest neighbor is the village of Arnold (pop. 755), twenty miles away to the east, in Custer County. North Platte (pop. 19,287), the metropolis of western Nebraska, is twenty-nine miles to the south. Thedford (pop. 293) is thirty-six miles to the north, and a roadside hamlet called Tryon (pop. 166) is twenty-seven miles to the west. There is nothing between Stapleton and its neighbors—nothing at all. No roadhouses, no drive-ins, not even a filling station. There is only the long, empty highway and the range. Sometimes, in the distance, one can see a clump of trees and a windmill and a ranch house. The population of rural Logan County—that is, the county exclusive of Stapleton—is six hundred and ninety-one.

Stapleton is linked to its neighbors by two highways. They are U.S. Highway 83, the main north-and-south route in the area, and Nebraska Highway 92, running east and west. Both are single-lane blacktop highways, and they intersect at a right-angle crossing about half a mile east of the village. Stapleton stands in a windbreak grove of cottonwoods and Chinese elms, and can be only glimpsed from the intersection. Except in winter, when the leaves are down, travellers often pass it unawares. Highway 92 runs through the middle of Stapleton and is one of its two main streets, but Stapleton is not a highway village. It was differently designed. It was laid out as a railroad town. Stapleton came into being (on a section—or square mile—of land provided by two pioneer cattlemen) as the terminus of a branch line of the Union Pacific Railroad, and its second main street is Main Street, which runs north and south. Main Street is eighty feet wide and half a mile long, and it runs from one end of town to the other. It begins at the yellow clapboard Union Pacific Depot, at the north end, and it ends at the red brick Stapleton Consolidated School. There is a parade on Main Street every weekday morning (weather permitting) during the school year. This is part of the training of the Stapleton High School Band. The band marches—flags flying and drum majorettes strutting—out from the school and up to the depot and back. People come out of the Main Street stores and offices and stand and watch it go by.

Stapleton has always been a village. It has never been much larger than it is today. Once, around 1930, its population climbed as high as five hundred and one. The village is now a little smaller than it was at the time of the First World War. But Stapleton has the look of a town—an urban look. There are no wandering, cowpath streets, no straggle out along the highway. It is plotted in the urban gridiron pattern, and its limits are clearly defined. The back yards of the outermost houses all end at a barbed-wire fence, and beyond the fence is the range. Stapleton has several urban amenities. It has a municipal park with a tennis court and picnic ovens and picnic tables and benches. It maintains the county ambulance (the nearest hospitals are St. Mary's Hospital and Memorial Hospital, in North Platte), and the drivers, members of the fire department, are trained in first aid. It has a municipal waterworks and a municipal sewer system. Its telephone system is fully automatic, and the lines are laid underground. Most of the streets are lighted and paved, and the paved streets all have sidewalks. The streets are named in the functional urban fashion. The north-south streets—the streets that parallel Main Street—are named for the letters of the alphabet. There are ten

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of these streets—A Street through J Street. (Main Street runs between F and G.) The other streets are numbered. They run from First Street, at the depot, to Sixth Street, at the school. Highway 92 is known formally as Third Street. There are, however, no street signs in Stapleton, and (except for Main Street) the street names are never used. The intersection of Main Street and Highway 92 is usually called the Corner.

Most Stapletonians are born in a North Platte hospital, and almost all of them are buried in one or another of three Logan County cemeteries—McCain, St. John's, and Loup Valley. Loup Valley Cemetery is the smallest and the most remote. It lies in a fold in the range about ten miles west of Stapleton, on the road to Tryon. St. John's, a Roman Catholic cemetery that was consecrated in 1915, and McCain are both just east of town, on the road that leads to Arnold. McCain is the largest of the three cemeteries, and by far the oldest. It was established (as the gift of the widow of a pioneer named Robert McCain) in 1884, and it occupies four acres on a hilltop planted with bushy box elders and big, spreading cedars. It offers a commanding view of the surrounding countryside, and also of the past. A majority of the early settlers (and the founders of the established local families) are buried there: Miller, Burnside, Hartzell, Clark, Wheeler, Smith, Wells, Bay, Perry, Erickson, Abrams, Joedeman, Salisbury, Loudon. Many of the pioneers were veterans of the Civil War, all having served with the Union Army. The notations on their headstones are geographically descriptive: "Co. C, 9 Ohio Cavalry;" "Co. A, 81 Pa. Infantry;" "Co. H, 71 N. Y. Infantry;" "10 Indiana Cav.;" "Co. F, 86 Ill. Inf.;" "Co. D, 1st Iowa Cavalry;" "Co. E, 5th Iowa Infantry." Except for an elaborate white marble shaft commemorating Robert McCain, and one or two other monumental monuments, the headstones are modest tablets. A few are inscribed with conventional pieties ("Though thou art done, fond mem'ry clings to thee"), but most of them carry only a name and a date. The given names of the men are equally conventional: Joseph, William, Richard, John, Edward. The given names of the women at McCain, and also at Loup Valley (though not, of course, at St. John's), are more imaginative. Some of them are wildly so: Melita, Alvirda, Glenola, Vernie Lynn, Tressa, Verla, Idara, Delma, Velna, Zetta, Uhleen, Berdie, Zella, Lesta, Verga, Lenna, Jacobina, Dalorus, Tilitha, Caline, Mayden, Sedona, Orpha, Doralie, Urah. These names are not, as I at first supposed, the fancies of a vanished generation. Such names are still popular in Stapleton. A high-school senior I met is named Vaneta. One of her classmates is named Wilda. A first grader, about whom I read, is named Jeanna. A second grader is named Tena. There is a sixth grader named Kerri. And the first name of Mrs. Robert A. Perry, the wife of a prominent Logan County rancher, is Alta May.

NEW YEAR

Blown snow smokes up
From spines of barns and hills.
The wind pours down luminous,
Dark blue, under it
A huge hollowness beating.

I'm moving west, into it,
Breath held, tautening skin;
The road seethes before me.

It is the new year.

I move into it
Dreaming a gull has come to rest
Breast-down on my raised palm,
His eye gold as eagles' eyes,
His salt-wet weight beating.

Toward dusk the wind drops.
The flat moon rounds hollow, hangs
Silver, pierced, ringing faintly;
Dry snow rings underfoot in quiet towns
Where men walk home at nightfall.

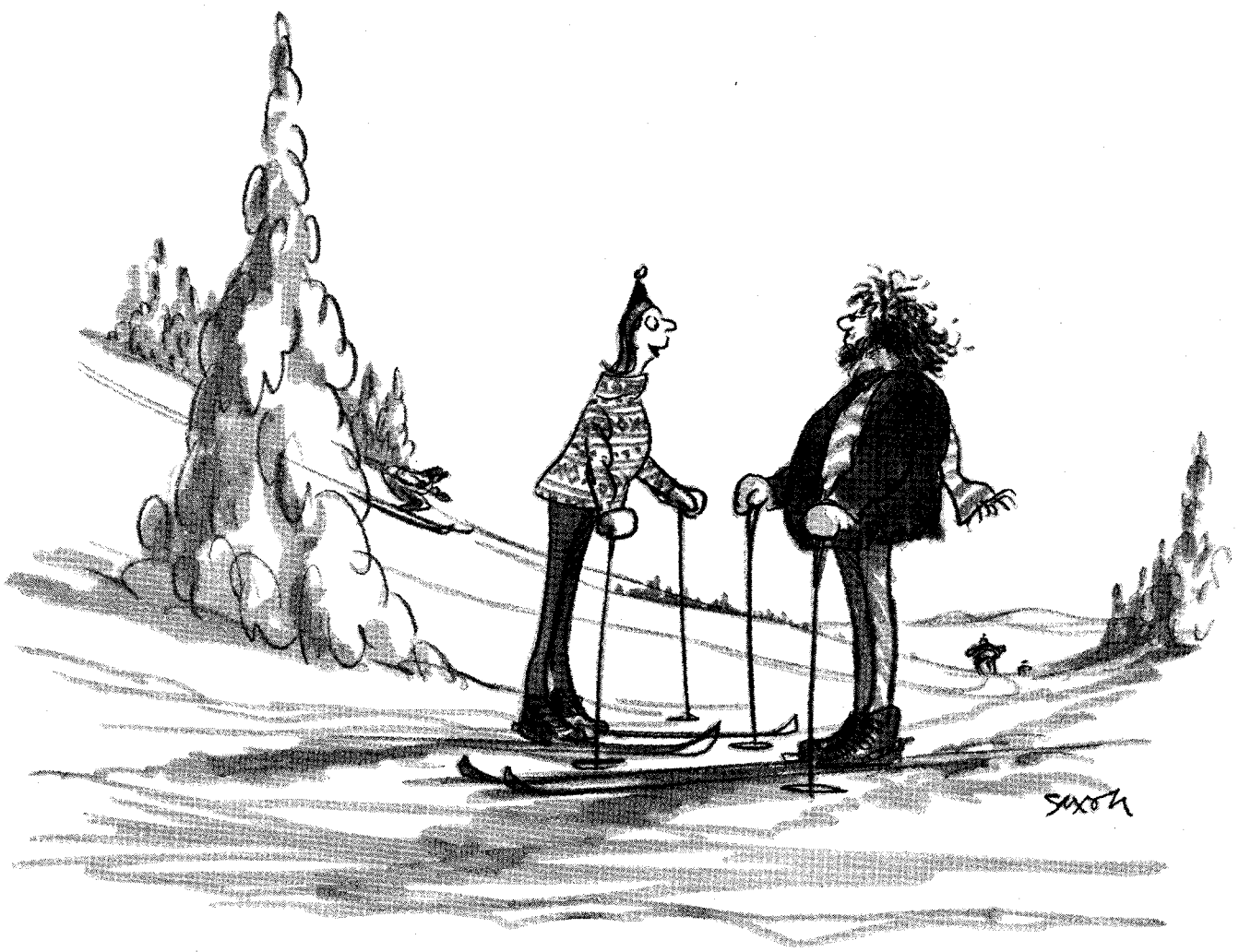
Outside filling stations,
Phone booths light up
One by one
Over dark miles of snow.

—Sheldon Flory

• •

PRACTICALLY everybody in Stapleton lives on the south side of town. There are only five families on the north side of the highway. The churches—Presbyterian, Catholic, and Assembly of God—are all in the residential area. The First Presbyterian Church—the largest and oldest of the Stapleton churches—and the fundamentalist Assembly of God are both on Main Street, south of the Corner, and St. John's Catholic Church is a block to the west. There is plenty of space in Stapleton (there are vacant lots on every block), but most of the houses are built on fifty-foot plots. "The Sand Hills is a big country," James Morey, a farmer who now lives in town, told me. "If you ever homesteaded up on the Dismal River, like I did, you'd know what I'm talking about. People like company. They like to have close neighbors." Some of the houses are brick, some are asbestos shingle, and some are clapboard painted white, but they are otherwise much alike. The usual house has one story, with a little stepped stoop and a low-pitched pyramidal roof. The chairman of the Board of Trustees, the governing body of Stapleton—a retired (and reputedly well-to-do) merchant and landowner named John Beckius—lives in such a house, and so does Mrs. Vivian Nelson, a laundress. The biggest house in town is the Catholic rectory. Most of the houses have flower and vegetable gardens, and the lawns are often strangely ornamented. Some people move old, axe-handled back-yard pumps around to the front and paint them in bright colors. Many people cut openings in plastic Clorox bottles and hang them up as houses for purple martins. People also paint old coffeepots and teakettles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"My goodness, this is a surprise! I didn't know that you people skied!"

• •

and hang them in groups from poles and plant them with geraniums and petunias and marigolds. The garage of one house has a garden of cabbage-size pink roses and giant blue delphiniums painted on an outside wall. "That wall goes back to our painting fad," Mrs. Earl Glandon, an amateur artist and the wife of a former postmaster, told me. "A professional artist came to town for a while and gave painting lessons, and there were about fourteen ladies that joined the class. One of the ladies painted that garage wall. Another lady, a widow lady, heard about a famous old sod house out south of town somewhere, and she went there and painted a picture of it, and a little later the man who owned the sod house asked her about the picture, and she invited him over to see it, and he came and they got friendly and he married her. He moved her into his sod house, and the first thing she did was to paint it. She painted wisteria around the door and morning-glories climbing up the walls of the house. It was like that garage. She made it look more cheerful."

The main business block in Stapleton is Main Street just north of the Corner. It is a sun-baked block in summer—the only block in Stapleton without a twilit canopy of trees—but the sidewalks in front of some of the buildings are shaded by metal awnings. Most of the buildings on the block are one-story buildings of red or yellow brick. About half of them have high false fronts. There are two vacant buildings on the block. One is an old store full of broken fixtures. The other is a boarded-up movie house. It went out of business in 1955, but there is a painted-over name still visible on the façade: "The New Theater." The block contains six stores. Three of them are grocery stores (Black's Thriftway Grocery, Denny's Market, and Ewoldt's Grocery & Locker), and there is a hardware store (Hanna's Supply), a feed store (Miller Ranch Supply), and a farm-equipment store (Salisbury Implement Company). All of them are more or less general stores. Ewoldt's is almost a department store. It occupies three rooms on the ground floor of a two-story building that was once the Hildenbrandt Hotel (there are twenty-one numbered rooms, including a bridal suite, on the second floor), and it sells—along with meats and groceries—drugs, cosmetics, notions, toys, memorial wreaths, school supplies, work clothes, boots, big hats, and ice. The other business buildings on the block are a laundromat (Bud's Holiday Laundry), a bowling alley (Bronco Bowl), the Stapleton *Enterprise* (a weekly paper), and the Bank of Stapleton. There is also a two-story (with a false front) Masonic Temple, and an American Legion Post. The bank is on the northwest corner of the Corner, and it is the most imposing building on the block. It is a square brick building with ornamental cornices and glass-brick windows and a high, pedimented roof. Along the highway side is a two-rail iron-pipe railing. On Saturday afternoons, there are usually a couple of cowboys sitting there with their heels hooked over the bottom rail and their hats tipped down on their noses.

The Stapleton Post Office, a red brick building that somewhat resembles the bank, is on the southwest corner of the Corner. Across Main Street from the post office is Chesley's Barber Shop. "I've only got one complaint,"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everette C. Chesley, the barber, told me. "It isn't about long hair. The kids around here don't wear their hair what I would call short, but they do come in and get haircuts. My complaint is shaves. I used to shave maybe fifteen fellows of a Saturday. The last time I shaved a fellow was an old man two months ago. I might as well get rid of my razors. A razor is like an arm or a leg. It goes dead unless you use it." Next door to the barbershop is the Logan County Courthouse. The courthouse was built in 1963 and is the newest building in Stapleton. It is an L-shaped building faced with polished pink granite, with a flagpole in front and a parking lot and an acre of well-kept lawn. There is a little cluster of businesses up around the depot. The office and storage bins of the Stapleton Mill & Elevator Co. are there, and a feed lot, and two lumberyards—the S. A. Foster Lumber Company and the Greenslit Lumber Company. Their yards are stacked with big round metal water troughs and creosoted fence posts and spools of barbed wire. (In Stapleton, as everywhere else west of Pittsburgh, barbed wire is "bob wire.") Except for two living-room beauty parlors—one (Dotti's Beauty Salon) on the west side of town and the other (Beauty Shop) in a house near the school—the other Stapleton businesses are all situated on the highway. Just west of the Corner are a beer bar and liquor store (Wagon Wheel Tavern) and a Rural Electrification Administration garage. East of the Corner are a farm-equipment store (Magnuson Implement Company), two filling stations (East Side Skelly Service and A. A. Gulf Service), the fire station, and the Whiteway Cafe & Motel.

"My wife and I took over the newspaper in 1960," Arthur French, the publisher of the *Enterprise*, told me. "We came over from Tryon. Tryon is pretty little, and it's also pretty staid. Stapleton is more like a town. When we first arrived here, there were maybe a few more business places than there are now. There was another café and a drugstore. But they were mostly run by older people with their money down deep in their pockets. They were just setting there. Now all the stores have younger people in charge. Dick Black at the Thriftway and Elwin Miller at the Ranch Supply and Dick Kramer at the Skelly station, they're just in their twenties, and Alfred Ewoldt isn't very much older. Neither is Dean Hanna, at the Gulf station. I'm still under forty myself. Even Ed Burnham—Edwin H. Burnham, the president of the bank and I guess you could say our leading citizen. He has the insurance agency there at the bank and he owns a lot of property and he has a big interest in the elevator and he's building himself a new fifty-thousand-dollar home out east of town. Even Ed is only about fifty. Ed believes in Stapleton, and he'll put up money to prove it. Ed gave me my start here with a very generous loan. We've also got a real nice Chamber of Commerce, with thirty-five members, and I think we've got a future. Our only problem is getting help. I could use another man in our printshop, and I had a fellow lined up down in the Platte. He drove up with his wife one day. They made a couple of passes around town and then came into the shop and the wife said, 'I didn't see the shopping center. Where is it?' I said we didn't have a shopping center here. 'Let's go,' she said."

The name of Edwin H. Burnham is often heard in Stapleton. He is not always in residence there (during my stay he was sojourning at a hunting lodge he has in Canada), but his presence is constantly felt. "Our banker is the pleasantest man you ever saw," Charles V. Greenslit, the owner of the lumberyard that bears his name, told me. "Hail fellow well met. Always smiling. Generous. Gave our village an ambulance. Gives to all the churches. Our old banker—the man who brought Ed Burnham here—he was just the opposite. He was conservative. He was the kind of banker who wouldn't think of making a loan unless you hardly needed the money. Burnham's happy to help anybody. And he's done well for himself. Real well. Everything he touches turns to money. I sometimes wonder how he does it. He's never here. But he's building himself a sixty-thousand-dollar home out east of town. So maybe he's planning to settle down." Everybody seems to think well of Burnham. "Ed Burnham is a real asset," Leslie M. Bay, the county judge, told me. "When we were getting ready to build the new courthouse, he got us a big bond break. He bid our building bonds down to three per cent, and then stepped back and let somebody else bid them in at two point eighty-five per cent. One of our problems here is housing. Ed won't let a house fall down. He'll fix it up and put it back to work. He's always finding an old house out in the county somewhere and moving it into town. Right now, he's building himself a nice new home on some land he owns out east of here. I understand it's costing him in the neighborhood of seventy-five thousand dollars. Of course, Ed has improved himself. He's made a lot of money. But you'd never know he had a dime. He's as common as an old shoe. He'd just as soon set down and drink a bottle of beer as not. Wherever he's at, that's what he is. Ed's at home anywhere. He's a rancher out at your ranch. In Rome, he's a Roman."

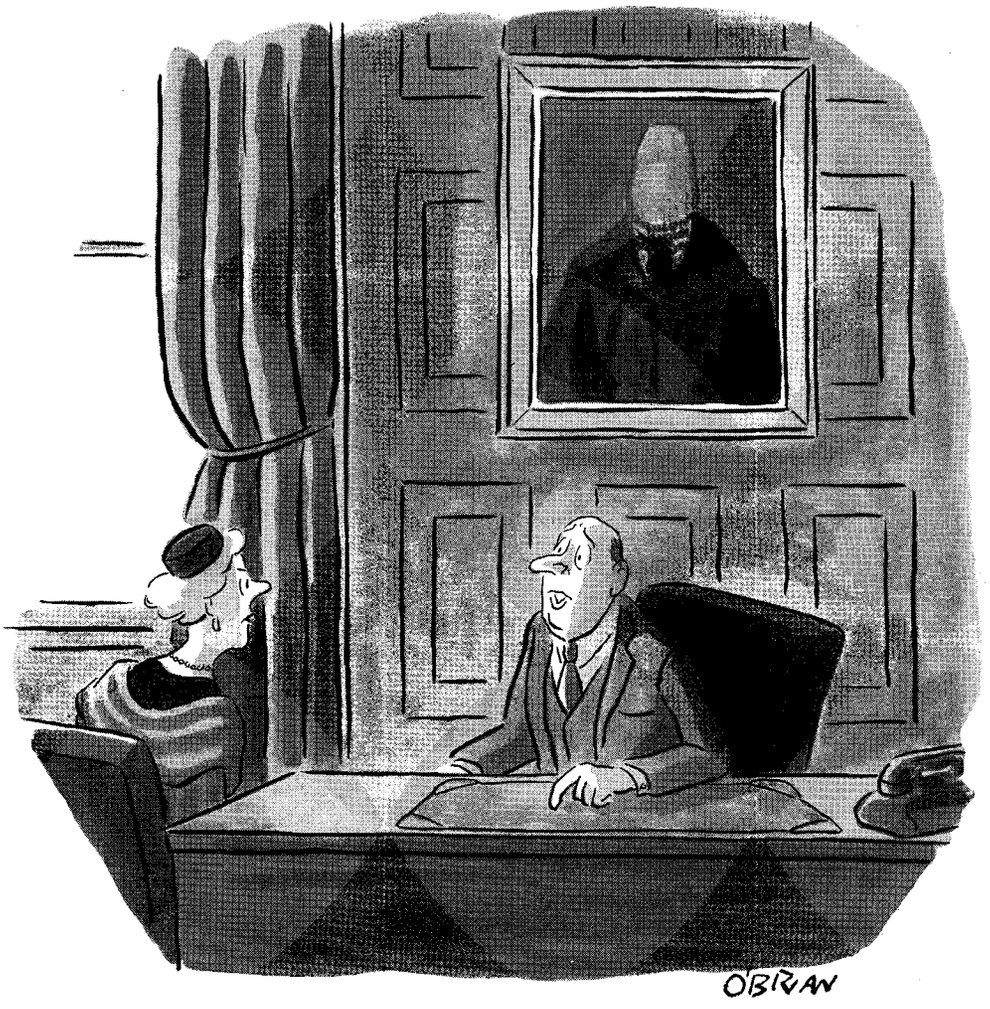
THE Whiteway was my home in Stapleton. I had a room (with a big springy bed and a rocking chair and a table) in the Motel, and I took my meals at the Cafe. The Cafe occupies the front end of a long, narrow, shingle-sided building with a low, overhanging roof all around and a gravelly unpaved parking lot on three sides. The Motel is in back, behind the kitchen, and overlooks a chicken yard patrolled by three excitable roosters. It consists of five rooms (with baths) and the apartment of the manager. The Whiteway is owned by a woman in Hooker County, and it is leased from her by a Logan County farmer named James Wonch. (Wonch is a powerful man with a shaven head and dark-brown eyes. I had been in Stapleton about a week before I met him, and I was strangely struck by his appearance. There was something unusual about his looks that I couldn't quite identify. I thought at first that it must be his shaven head—and then I realized. The unusual thing was his eyes. Almost everybody in Stapleton—everybody but Wonch and one or two others—has blue eyes.) The manager of the Whiteway is a plump, pretty, white-haired widow (with blue eyes) named Clarice Olson, and she also does most of the cooking and all of the baking at the Cafe. "I open up at about six-thirty, and we close at night when the last customer gets up and leaves," Mrs. Olson told me. "That's usually around ten o'clock. Our people come in for breakfast, for second breakfast, for midmorning coffee, for noon dinner, for afternoon coffee, for supper, and for evening coffee. There's usually somebody waiting when I open up in the morning. Most of the time, it's Red Black. Red and his wife both work for the county. He's a road grader, and she cleans at the courthouse. Red drives her to work and then comes around for his coffee. Half the time, he opens the door for me. Then he sits and watches me get

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my baking started. I bake two dozen cinnamon rolls every morning, and about a half a dozen pies. Always apple, always cherry, and either lemon or chocolate meringue. Sometimes I make a few doughnuts. Then I get dinner started. My first dinner customer is Vera Gragg, one of the tellers at the bank. She comes in at eleven-thirty on the dot. They're my most regular customers—Vera and Red Black." Mrs. Olson's daughter, a divorcée named LaDonna Wisdom, is the regular Cafe waitress, and a young girl named Grace Young helps out when needed. For much of my stay, I was the only traveller at the Motel, but the Cafe was almost always crowded. There were always a couple of cars pulled up in front (nobody in Stapleton ever walks anywhere), and usually a dusty pickup truck from one of the farms or ranches. The Cafe is the social center of Stapleton. Almost everybody in town drops in at some time almost every day. One Sunday afternoon, I counted a dozen cars parked there. Three of them were Cadillacs.

The Cafe is a clean and comfortable café. It is warm in cold weather and icily air-conditioned in summer, and the three outer walls are windows. There are six cream-and-gold Formica tables around the window walls, and a counter with five stools across the back. A door at one end of the counter opens into a private dining room that will accommodate about twenty diners. The Chamber of Commerce holds its monthly dinner meetings there. There is a soda fountain behind the counter (with a display of candy bars and chewing gum and foil-wrapped bandoliers of Alka-Seltzer), but the cooking is all done in the kitchen. There is a jukebox the size of an organ near the dining-room door, with an automated repertoire of "Lonesome Highway" and "Sugar Shack" and a hundred other country-and-Western tunes. There is a Coca-Cola machine and a Dr. Pepper machine and a cigarette machine. There is a bulletin board on the wall near the jukebox with a calendar ("Compliments Central Nebraska Commission Co., Broken Bow, Nebr., Cattle Sale Every Saturday") and an assortment of bulletins ("Wanted: Write-in-Votes for Joe Klosen;" "Midwest Breeders Cooperative: Beef & Dairy Semen, Liquid Nitrogen, A-I Supplies;" "The Last Pages—for booking, call Steve Myers, Bill Dolan, Doug Wallace, N. Platte;" "Bull Sale, Ogallala Sale Barn, Ogallala, Nebr.: 39 Angus, 2 Charolais, 45 Herefords, 5 Shorthorns") and a motto ("No Man Is Good Enough to Govern Another Without the Other's Consent"). There is a blackboard menu on the wall behind the counter with one permanent entry: "Roast Beef, $1.40." Other entries that appear on the board from time to time are "Scalloped Potatoes & Ham, $1.25" and "Salmon Loaf, $1.25." The roast beef is pot roast. Steak is never listed on the menu but it is always available, and it is always cut thin and always chicken-fried. There is a sign near the blackboard: "Margarine Served Here." The bread is Rainbo Bread.

One rainy morning, I lingered over breakfast at the Cafe. I sat at a window table and ate fried eggs and thick pancakes and watched the cars pull in and out and the customers come and go. Several of the cars had little decal American flags on the windows, and one had a bumper sticker: "Trust in Christ." Some sparrows were nesting under the eaves of the Cafe, and they flew from car to car, feeding on the insects shattered on the radiator grilles. I knew some of the customers by name and most of the others by sight. There were three R.E.A. technicians in cowboy hats and boots. There was Alfred Ewoldt in cowboy boots and a hunting cap. There was a young cowboy in a sweatshirt with lettering across the back: "...and a Follower of Women." There was an elderly farmer in bib overalls matching double or nothing for coffee with the waitress, LaDonna Wisdom. There was the county judge, Judge Bay, with a lump of snuff under his lower lip, and Mrs. Thomas Mahoney, the village clerk and the wife of a Union Pacific conductor. There were two school-bus drivers (of a total of nine)—Mrs. Beverly Lehmkuhler, a widow, and Mrs. Norman Yardley, the wife of the high-school principal—eating a second breakfast; they rise early to circle the county and bring the students in to school. There was Mrs. Noma Wells, the widow of a merchant and landowner, who spends much of her time driving around town in a saffron-yellow Cadillac. (Her car is one of five Cadillacs in Stapleton, and there are also three new Lincoln Continentals.) There was a thin girl



"Believe me, Mrs. Parkson, you have our deepest sympathy. But retirement at sixty-five is mandatory. The fact that he will be under your feet all day is, unfortunately, something we are powerless to do anything about."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in jeans and a T-shirt. There was James Wonch. There was a tall, stooped, flat-bellied cowboy in a rodeo shirt with the sleeves cut off at the shoulders. There was James Morey, the former Dismal River homesteader, with an old black hat on the back of his head, talking to the other waitress, Grace Young. I sat and looked and listened.

•

JAMES MOREY: How about you and me having a date sometime?

GRACE YOUNG: I don't go out with old whiskery men.

JAMES MOREY: I could shave. But have I got a chance? I ain't going to shave in the middle of the week unless there's at least a chance.

•

MRS. LEHMKUHLER: The first one I picked up this morning brought me an apple. And another one gave me some fudge. They're going to get me fat.

JAMES WONCH: It's a funny thing. My dad used to walk to school. I rode a horse. But all my kids have to do is stand and wait for the bus.

•

LADONNA WISDOM: One week, I cut down eating and I gained five pounds. When I stepped on the scales, I was real disgusted. So I went back to eating.

ELDERLY FARMER: I'll match you for one of them rolls.

•

R.E.A. MAN: Marijuana?

SECOND R.E.A. MAN: They call it pot. It looks like it's moving this way. They say the kids have got it at Broken Bow.

THIRD R.E.A. MAN: We used to call it Mary Jane.

•

MRS. MAHONEY: I don't know about the Platte. But they've never had to draft a boy from here. Or from Tryon. Or from Arnold, for that matter.

•

GIRL IN THE T-SHIRT: No, I've just got the two. But I was married at fifteen and I'm only eighteen now and I'm not going to have no more. For a while, anyway. I will say this. I never had no trouble having any of my kids. The girl next to me the last time, she had a Caesarean. My second baby, he's ten months now, but a couple of months ago he couldn't sit up or anything. He had the rickets. They started giving him lots of vitamins, and now he can sit and everything real good.

•

MRS. WELLS: I'm washing at Bud's this morning, so while I'm working I thought I'd have some coffee.

•

MRS. MAHONEY: LaDonna, I came away this morning without any matches. Have you got some?

LADONNA WISDOM: Here—can you catch?

MRS. MAHONEY: I catch real good. When you've got a boy in the Boy Scouts working on merit badges, you can do a lot of things. I can tie knots and make a fire and talk in the Morse code. I can do a hundred things I never wanted to do.

MRS. YARDLEY: Be glad you haven't got a daughter. Mine has been practicing for the 4-H cake demonstration, and she ended up in the kitchen last Saturday with eighteen sponge cakes.

•

JUDGE BAY: It don't blow every day, but then it blows twice the next day to make up for it.

•

MRS. MAHONEY: . . . sewing on Sunday. My mother would have said that I'll never get to Heaven until I stop and take those stitches out with my nose. She also used to say that you haven't learned to sew until you've learned to rip.

•

The cowboy in the sleeveless shirt got up to go, and stopped and looked at me, and then came over. "Excuse me," he said. "But you look mighty familiar to me. I wonder haven't I seen you someplace before. Where are you from?"

I told him that I lived in New York.

"That could be it," he said. "I could have seen you there. I used to travel—before and after the service. My feet have been on every soil in the continental United States and the world. Except only Russia. I used to speak fourteen different languages, but I didn't keep it up. Now I've only got but one. Well, *choco-chuco-mungo-mango-boola-mack*."

"What?" I said.

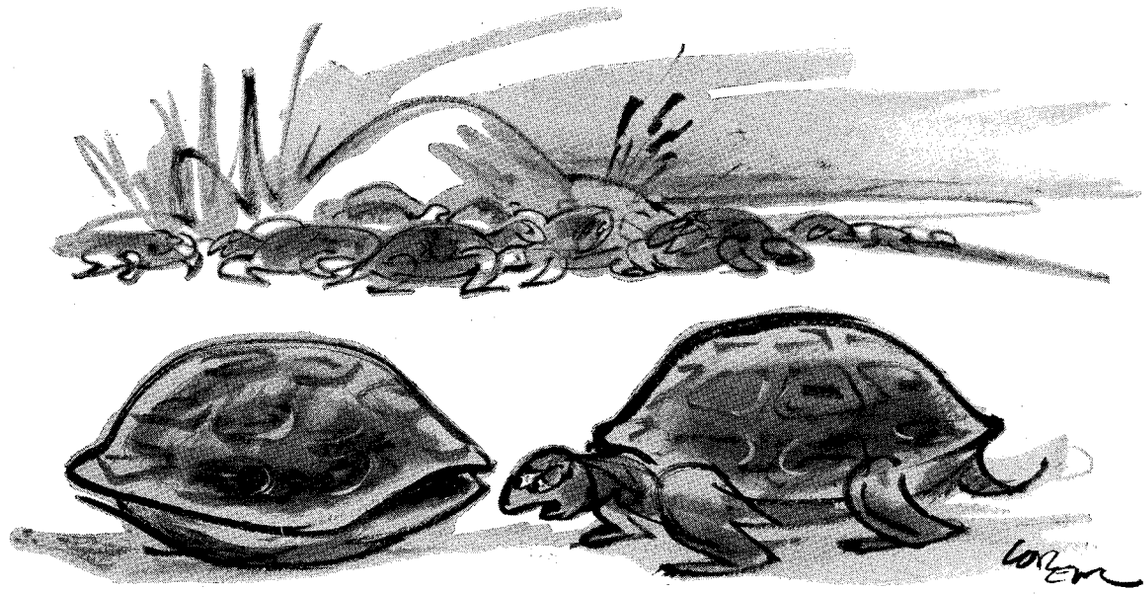
"That's Indian for 'See you later,'" he said.

I was ready to leave, too. I pushed back my chair and put a tip on the table ("You don't have to do that every time," LaDonna said), and paid my bill, and followed the cowboy out. My breakfast, including orange juice and coffee, cost sixty cents.

THE Cafe is not exclusively an adult gathering place. It also serves as the corner drugstore for the teen-age boys of Stapleton. There are a few boys hanging around nearly every evening, but their big night there is Friday night. They drift up after supper in their dress-up clothes—clean, faded bluejeans, two-toned, high-heeled boots with fancy stitching, big hats (felt in winter, straw in summer), and brightly patterned shirts with double pockets and snaps for buttons. Most of the boys have cars (drivers are licensed at sixteen in Nebraska), and they lean against the parked cars in front of the Cafe and kick gravel and wrestle and yell to each other ("Hey, Larry—where's Kramer and those guys?") and stomp inside and play the jukebox and get Cokes and come shoving out and trade arm punches, and the boys with dates drive up and the others flock around and make jokes ("Hey, is that a new shirt, or is that a new shirt?"), and the girls in the cars laugh and comb their hair and shriek back and forth, and every now and then a car with a couple in it will start up abruptly ("Watch him lay some rubber now. He's put fifty thousand miles on those tires and half of it is just in starts") and take off down the highway and after a while come roaring back and park again and sit and then suddenly charge off once more, with the radio thumping and twanging, and this time the car will head out toward U.S. 83 and Arnold, or west toward Tryon, and pretty soon all the couples are gone and the jukebox stops and the Cafe lights go out, and then the car doors begin to slam and the engines race and the remaining cars move off and up to the depot and down past the school and home.

THE courthouse is the office building of Stapleton. It houses around a dozen village, county, state, and federal offices. The village clerk and the village marshal; the county clerk, the county treasurer, the county (or probate) judge, the county welfare director, the county Board of Commissioners (the executive body concerned with taxes, roads, budgets, assessments), and the county sheriff; the state Agricultural Extension Service representative (or county agent); and two agencies of the United States Department of Agriculture—all have offices there. The building also houses a courtroom

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Aw, come on out. Everybody's been asking for you."

(with a jury room and chambers for the visiting district judge at his quarterly sessions), a jail (with two cells), a local-history museum, and a public library.

The museum is an accretion of odds and ends (a wooden lemon press, an 1807 edition of the Bible, two shaving mugs, a pair of "Driving Gloves worn by E. R. Smith when he drove the second car in Logan County in 1907," a blue glass ball stamped "Harden's Hand Grenade Fire Extinguisher Pat. 1871") arranged in a case in the courtroom foyer, but the library is a substantial one. It has an annual budget for books of five hundred dollars, and an accessible collection of some thirty-four thousand books, including a shelf of standard Nebraska authors—Willa Cather, Mari Sandoz, John G. Neihardt, Bess Streeter Aldrich. It is an active library, and the children are introduced to it at an early age through a weekly story hour conducted by volunteer readers. Some women drive in with their children from distant ranches for the weekly reading. ("This is a real conservative community," Charles Hunnel, the superintendent of the Stapleton school, told me. "The people here believe very highly in education. Our annual budget at the school is over two hundred thousand dollars. That's almost half the total tax income of the county. We have a very high educational level. More than half of our high-school graduates go on to college, and we have practically no dropouts. In my seven years in this job, we've had just two—two girls dropped out to get married. We haven't produced any geniuses. It isn't an intellectual community. But there's a real respect for learning.") The librarian is a widow named Florence L. Brown. Mrs. Brown is also something of a local historian. "People are always asking me where Stapleton got its name," she told me. "Well, I finally found out. I found an editorial in a copy of the *Enterprise* for October 17, 1912, that explained everything. I made a copy for the library, and here it is. Sit down and read it." It read:

Mr. D. C. Stapleton has for the past thirty years felt an abiding interest and faith in the future of central western Nebraska, and while his larger interests have called him abroad for the greater part of the time, for several years past, he has never lost sight of the fact that out here in Nebraska was the place of all the rest that he could call "home," for it was here he homesteaded in the year 1884 and it was in recognition of his high ideals of what western Nebraska ought to be and do, and his constant efforts toward that goal that this city was named "Stapleton" in his honor.

There is no crime in Stapleton. People leave the keys in their cars and the doors of their houses unlocked. Don Vetter, the village marshal, wears a policeman's blue cap, but he is only nominally a peace officer. His main job is operating the water plant, the sewage plant, and the village dump. Law and order is formally represented in Stapleton by the Logan County sheriff. The sheriff is a big, comfortable man of sixty-two with a star on his shirt and a smile on his face and a revolver in a drawer of his desk. His name is Arthur Wiley, and he has been sheriff since 1954. "Order is no problem here," he told me. "This is a peaceable town. Nobody crowds anybody. There's plenty of leeway. A man has got the freedom to go out and holler if he wants to. Law is what I'm mostly concerned with. I mean summonses and traffic offenses and things like that. No local boy has ever got in serious trouble in my time in office. Once in a while, I break up a fight at the bar. That's usually in August, when we have our fair and rodeo and some cowboy pours a glass of beer down some other guy's neck. We've never in history had a murder here. I did get shot up once. A couple of kids started out at Imperial—down south of Ogallala—breaking into places and stealing what they wanted. This was in 1961, in the wintertime, with snow on the ground. Well, they came into town here one night and broke into Ewoldt's store. Ewoldt lives upstairs, but they didn't know that, and he heard them messing around and called me at home, and I came driving up and caught them up by the depot. They were in their sock feet, trying on a bunch of cowboy boots they'd stole. Their car was full of fancy shirts and Stetson hats and forty-dollar boots—all kinds of cowboy stuff. I got them out of their car and had the driver standing with his hands on the roof in the regular way, and I was frisking him. Well, all of a sudden the other boy came around the car, and when I looked up he had a revolver in his hand. I slipped behind the driver. My gun was an old .351 automatic—what they call a riot gun. I told the boy to drop that revolver. But the driver gave a jump and pushed up my gun, and before I could get it back in position the other boy fired his revolver. I don't know how he missed me, but he did. He hit the driver instead—hit him in the arm. My gun was ready then, and I fired and hit him at the belt, on the buckle, and staggered him against the car. I told him to drop his gun. But he didn't. He up and shot me. Shot me in the left side, and the bullet went through both lobes of my liver. All I felt was like a hot poker or something touching me there. But I dropped my gun and sat down in a snowdrift. The boys jumped back in their car and made to drive off. But before they more than got started I reached around and found my gun and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"One for what road? We live two floors above!"

• •

fired and shot out their front tire. The driver jumped out yelling and put his hand up—his good hand. But the other one, he was still acting up. He called me a dirty s.o.b. and a lot worse, and started shooting at me again. So I did the same. He was leaning over the top of the car, and my first shot only hit the shoulder padding on his coat. Then I shot into the car and blew out the windows in his face. He couldn't see with all that glass flying, but I didn't feel like shooting anymore, and Don Vetter came running up, and that was it. They hauled the three of us off to the hospital at North Platte to get patched up. I was laid up there for quite a few weeks. One of the boys turned out to be fourteen years old, and the other one was fifteen. They both got something like eighteen months of correction. The boy that did all the shooting, he came out and turned into a pretty solid citizen. I understand he's never given anybody any more trouble. But the other boy—I don't know. I never heard."

THE principal business of the courthouse is the farms and ranches of Logan County. Their needs and responsibilities make up most of the routine work of the county clerk and the county treasurer and the county judge and the county commissioners, and they are the entire concern of the county agent and the two Department of Agriculture agencies. The Logan county agent is also the county agent of McPherson County, the neighboring county on the west. This gives him a district almost the size of Delaware. He is a crewcut young man with a faraway look named Edmond A. Cook. "This is conservative country," he told me. "There are progressive people—people who adapt to the modern world—but the other kind are still around. 'Conservative' isn't really the right word. The people I mean are rigid. They're self-sufficient and individualistic. They still have the pioneer mentality. Their grandfathers *were* the pioneers out here. Well, a county agent is an educator. My job is to take the research information from the experimental stations and get it to the farmers in a form they can use. This means meetings and workshops, and the subjects are insect problems, crops—feed crops—and irrigation. We've got an interesting project going on now. It's a new way of growing corn in this dry country. Sod corn, we call it. There's no tillage—you plant rows of corn in the untouched sod. The growth of the grass is retarded chemically for about thirty days. That gives the corn a head start. Then the grass comes along in the normal way and holds the soil between the rows, and after the corn is harvested the grass is there for fall pasture and cover through the winter. The sod is precious here. The wind is the enemy. We have plenty of water, but it's all underground. There's an ocean of pure water, the sweetest in the world, under these Sand Hills. The trouble is we get only about eighteen inches of rain a year—about half of what you get back East—and the wind blows all the time. The sod is the only thing that keeps the land from blowing away. We almost lost it back in the thirties, you know. I don't know how our sod-corn project will work out. There are people who will give it serious attention. But there are also those who won't. They're still back there with the homesteaders who wouldn't change—who kept on plowing the dust and overgrazing the range. Nobody can tell them anything. They have to be in pretty bad trouble before they'll come to me for help."

The U.S.D.A. agencies that have offices in the courthouse are the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service and the Soil Conservation Service. Each consists of a manager and a couple of women clerks. The Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service administers the federal crop-control (or production-adjustment) program, and it has been represented in Stapleton since 1959 by a native of Tryon (and a former rancher and Army officer) named William Griffith. "I'm a native and I'm prejudiced," he told me, "but I've observed a good many other places, and the Sand Hills country is hard to beat for good living. You can buy a half of beef that you've selected yourself, and Ewoldt's will butcher it and age it and keep it for you in their locker. Or a lamb or a hog. There's good pheasant shooting and good deer hunting—did you ever taste venison salami? The people are friendly. Maybe they're too friendly—everybody knows everybody's business. We have very little changeover. People come here and they don't want to leave. Our teachers stay on forever. We have only one serious problem. It's the economic problem that's threatening all of rural and small-town America. We can't keep our young people. The farms and ranches are getting bigger and bigger and more and more mechanized, and the jobs are getting fewer and fewer. Not many of our local boys can hope to make a living here. They want to stay, but they can't—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

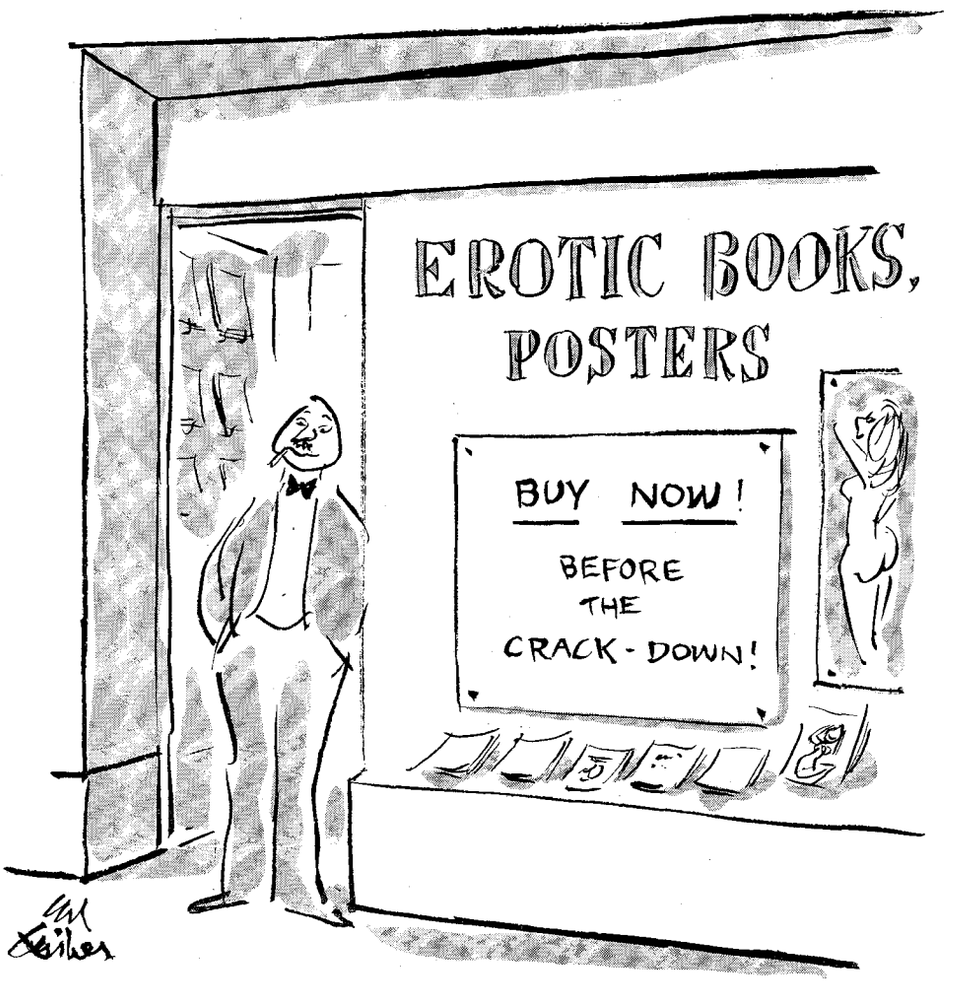
not unless they make a special effort. My youngest son is at the University of Nebraska, and his plan is to be a veterinarian so he can stay on here in the Sand Hills. Randy Joe Kramer, the salutatorian of the senior class at the high school this year, is another example. He's going to the university to study agriculture. He wants to be a county agent. On the other hand, there are John Beckius's two sons. They're more typical. There wasn't anything for them here. One of them is working down at the Platte, and the other is out in Denver."

The manager of the Soil Conservation Service office is a broad, smiling, bespectacled man (with brown eyes) named John H. Sautter. Sautter is a former high-school teacher and an authority on the pasture grasses of western Nebraska, and his job is counselling the ranchers of Logan and McPherson Counties on how to preserve and improve their range. The experience has given him a view of human nature much like that of the county agent, Cook. "The better the rancher, the more apt he is to ask us for help," he told me. "The poor ones don't bother. It's like everything else—the less you know, the less you want to know." I spent an afternoon out in the field with Sautter. He had been asked by a prosperous rancher to draft an improvement program for some grassland a few miles north of town, and we drove out there together in a government pickup truck that was geared to riding the range.

It was a beautiful afternoon, with a high, blue sky and a horizon of great white clouds and a cooling flow of breeze. There was a meadowlark on almost every fence post, and a ring of old automobile tires laid flat around the foot of every telephone pole. The meadowlark is the state bird of Nebraska, and it has the distinction, now rare among state birds (how often does one see a bluebird in New York?), of being ubiquitous in its state. The tires are a protective contrivance peculiar to the Sand Hills. "Cattle are one of the problems of a cattle range," Sautter told me. "Cattle like to scratch themselves, and they particularly like to scratch against a pole where they can circle around and around. Those tires keep them back and away. They don't like the feel of them underfoot. Otherwise, they'd go scratching around until they dug a trench in the ground and the pole got loose and fell out. Their trails are almost as bad. Cattle are great creatures of habit. They'll follow the same little track through a gap in the hills until they've dug a trench, and with the kind of wind we have out here it doesn't take long for a trench to grow into a gully."

We turned off the highway at an opening in the fence and went over a gridiron cattle guard. We headed across a range hub-deep in grass. There were cattle grazing on a slope in the distance, and off to the right was the long green wall of a windbreak. "This country was practically treeless in the Indian-and-buffalo days," Sautter told me. "The only trees were along the Platte and the Dismal River, up north, and some of the little creeks. The windbreaks are all man-made. The early settlers planted them with trees they hauled all the way up from the river bottoms. That's why you see so many cottonwoods. A cottonwood will grow from a slip, like a willow. Windbreaks are part of my job. A lot of the big ones around here were put in back in the thirties. Some of them are a mile long. Shelter belts, they called them then. Those were desperate years. People had the idea that trees would increase the humidity. It was a survival of the kind of wishful thinking that told the first settlers that rain followed the plow. In the thirties, they thought trees would bring rain. They thought they would break the drought. The design of a windbreak depends on the site, and also on what it's specifically for—to shelter your house or your livestock, or to protect a field or an orchard or a garden. We think a windbreak should be at least four rows deep. Five is better. The conventional design puts tall, broad-leaf trees, like ash or Chinese elm, in the middle and smaller, denser evergreens, like pines and cedars, in the outer rows. My own preference is for exclusively pine and cedar. That windbreak over there is one of the older ones. It's a mixture of various plantings—box elder, Chinese elm, Russian olive, cottonwood, cedar, and even some wild plum. And if you'll look up there—off near the end—do you see something moving? That's a little herd of antelope."

We bumped slowly on across the range. The range was not entirely grass. There were occasional scatterings of wild flowers—blue pentstemon, yellow wild mustard, orange gromwell. We cut around the side of a hill and labored up an easier slope and came out on a windy plateau. The range spread out below us. A tiny car crept along the faraway highway. Sautter stopped the truck and rolled down his window. "This is excellent range," he said. "It's in good condition, too. Predominantly sand bluestem. That little shrublike plant you see here and there is a legume we call leadplant. When you see it growing undisturbed like that, it's an



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indication of good range condition. It means the cattle have plenty of other things to eat. They'll eat leadplant, but generally not until they've grazed off the best of the grass. It's a different story down there in the valley. This is natural range up here. The valley has been farmed, and the native grasses are just about gone. What you see there is panic grass and six-week fescue and western ragweed. And a little buffalo grass. You probably can't see the buffalo grass. It's real short—never gets higher than four or five inches. I happen to know it's there. People are always talking and writing about buffalo grass. I guess it sounds romantic. Buffalo grass is a native grass, but that doesn't make it desirable. It probably came in wherever the buffalo overgrazed the range. It has one good use. It's tough and will stand a lot of traffic. We use it around here in the outfield in the ballparks. It's going to take work to bring that valley back. The homesteaders did just about everything they could to ruin this land. They never learned to understand it. They grew a lot of corn because corn was what they knew. That bared the soil at planting time in the spring, and then in the fall they turned the cows into the corn to graze. That kept the land open all through the winter. Corn exhausts the soil, and open soil blows. The only reason most of those people quit farming here was they had nothing left to farm. The people now know better—most of them, anyway. This is grazing land. And when it's maintained right, it's about the best there is."

Sautter rolled up his window and sat back in his seat. "The only thing we can't control is fire," he said. "Prairie fires are a constant threat, and they're almost always acts of God. Nobody in this country is crazy enough to drop a cigarette on the range. The usual cause of a prairie fire is lightning. Practically all the fires that the Stapleton fire department goes out on are prairie fires. And they can be bad—real bad. I don't know if you've noticed my hands and my neck and chin. That's all grafted skin. I got involved in a prairie fire a few years back—in March of 1967. It was a windy day, and dry like it usually is, and the grass was about a foot high. I was driving out of town, and I saw some smoke in the hills out south. When a man sees a fire around here, he generally tries to do something about it. We all of us carry a shovel in our cars. Well, I headed that way, and there was a ranch house nearby and I stopped and asked if they had called the fire department, and the woman said she had. But I thought I could do a little something in the meantime. So I went on to the fire. I left my pickup truck on the road and got out my shovel and went through the fence to the range. The fire was burning northwest to southeast. I went down the west side of the fire line, digging and throwing dirt. I worked for about a quarter of a mile. I had it out except for a few stems and chips, and I started back to the pickup. It was then that the wind took a change. It swung around to blowing from the northeast, and it picked up to about sixty miles an hour, and a few smolderings blew into some fresh grass. It went up like a bomb. I was about forty feet from the new line, and it had me cut off from the pickup—it was a couple of hundred yards away. I saw that big wall of fire coming at me, and I knew I was up the creek. You can't get away from a grass fire. You can't outrun it. All you can do is hope for the best and go through it. People have done it and come out the other side. The trouble is a fire like that burns up all the oxygen in the air. It's hard to get a good breath, and I was half worn out from shovelling. Anyway, I ran, but I lost control and I tripped and fell and went down. I lay there—I couldn't move—and the fire burned over, under, and around me. I had on an insulated coat and boots and cap. But my pants, they were permanent-press synthetic—the kind that gets hot and stays hot. And my gloves were in my pocket. So my hands and my legs and part of my face got cooked. I don't know how long I lay there. I got to my feet somehow and got myself back to the pickup—the fire had left me far behind—and got it started and drove till I met the fire trucks coming out from town. The funny thing is it was only then that I started to hurt. They got me into the ambulance and we started for North Platte. Then I really began to hurt. I couldn't wait to get to the hospital, and I thought I'd never leave it. They had me there for three full months, and I hurt every minute of that time until the last two days."

THERE are one hundred and fifty-five agricultural holdings in Logan County. One hundred and sixteen of them are classified as farms, and thirty-nine are ranches. Most of the farmers run a few cattle, but their principal crop is grain—feed grain and a little wheat. The farms range in size from around a section (six hundred and forty acres) to about two thousand acres, and (for reasons of soil quality and availability of water) they are confined to a narrow belt along the southern edge of the county. The rest of the county is cattle country. There are a few ranches in Logan County of around three thousand acres, but most of them are larger. Small ranches are impractical in the Sand Hills; it takes about twenty acres of such range to support a cow and her calf. Most of the Logan County ranches are profitable enterprises. In 1969, they marketed a total of fifteen thousand five hundred calves, at an average price of a hundred and twenty dollars a head, and received a gross return of just under two million dollars. The biggest ranch in Logan County is owned by Peter Kiewit & Sons (the family concern that also owns the Omaha *World-Herald*) and totals around thirty thousand acres. The Milldale Ranch Company (whose brand—a sort of gothic "H"—is the oldest registered brand in Nebraska) embraces twenty-nine thousand acres, and other important operations include the Logan County Land & Cattle Co. ranch (twenty-three thousand acres), the Baskin Diamond-Bar Ranch (fourteen thousand acres), the Santo Land & Cattle Co. (ten thousand acres), and the Wayne Salisbury ranch, with seven thousand acres of uncommonly good range.

The Baskin ranch is the biggest ranch in the neighborhood of Stapleton still owned by the founding family. Its present proprietor is a tall, leathery man of seventy-two named Robert Baskin. The ranch house is just outside town, a bit north of the railroad tracks and the depot. I walked out and called on Baskin there one Saturday afternoon. He led me across a dining room furnished with a Duncan Phyfe table and cabinets full of Haviland china, and into an office hung with family photographs. He put me in a comfortable chair and sat down at a rolltop desk. "Life has treated me all right," he told me. "My dad founded this ranch and got it going, and I've got me a real good son-in-law to carry it on. I mean Dave Jones. Dave more or less runs the Diamond-Bar now, and it couldn't be in better hands. My dad used to say he was planting trees for me. I planted them for my daughter, and now Dave is planting them for their children. I like to think the Dia-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mond-Bar will last. Our brand is an old brand. It's up there close to the Milldale 'H.' My dad bought it off a couple of bachelor brothers from Denmark who homesteaded here in the very early years. He got the money to start this ranch by cutting meat in North Platte and buying and selling Indian horses in the summer. He started out with twelve hundred acres, and he added to it bit by bit—a section or two at a time. I brought it up to its present size. All the ranches around here are made up of bits and pieces. Nobody's ranch is just right. There are always gaps, so you have to cross your neighbor when you move your cattle. I have some good neighbors and I have some not so good. I can get along with anybody who treats me halfway right. But I sure don't believe in being pushed over and walked the full length of. Western hospitality is practically a thing of the past. One of my neighbors had a branding. I went over to help out, and I brought along a couple of my men. Then, a week or so later, I'm branding, and my neighbor comes over to help. But he only brings *one* hand. That isn't what I call hospitality. Wayne Salisbury is branding today, and Dave and two of our hands are over there helping out. Wayne isn't the neighbor I was talking about. We're branding here next Saturday, and I know Wayne will be here with two of his men to help. Nobody can brand without his neighbors in to help. We sell around nine hundred calves a year, and we'll be branding about six hundred of them next week. Everybody wants to expand his operation. Raising cattle is the world's biggest gambling den, and you can't win unless you've got some size. When I was buying a lot of land, back in the middle thirties, you could get it for two or three dollars an acre. Now it's sky-high. It's sixty, seventy, even eighty dollars an acre. The way prices are today, a man can't make a living ranching unless he's already got his ranch. It's impossible to start from scratch. It would mean a capital outlay of almost a quarter of a million dollars for even a little ranch—for only three thousand acres. A man couldn't live long enough to get his money back on an investment like that. And that's just for land. We're all of us mechanized now. We don't need but six or eight hands to run the Diamond-Bar in summer, and in winter there's just two hands and Dave and me. We used to have one man did nothing but ride the range and check up on fences and if the windmills and water tanks were working all right. Some people ride the range in a truck these days, or on a motorbike. We do it by plane. Dave has a little Cessna Skylark. He can check on forty windmills in thirty minutes. I don't mean to say that we've given up the horse. You can't haul a bull out of a spring hole with a motorcycle. And you can't brand and notch and inoculate and castrate without some horses and riders to rope your calves. We have about a hundred head of horses. They're mostly quarter-horses. We break and sell a lot of them to stables and such back East. To towns and cities everywhere. There's nothing new about country people leaving the farm and moving into town. But now it looks like the horse is following them in."

Baskin drove me back to the Motel in an air-conditioned Cadillac. He raised a hand in greeting to everybody on the street, and everybody waved to him. He let me off in front of the Cafe. Several boys were lounging there, and I knew two of them. They were the Perry boys—Robert, a senior at the high school, and his fifteen-year-old brother, Monty Joe. Monty had a bandage around his forehead.

"What happened to you?" I said.

Robert laughed. "He got himself kicked by a calf," he said.

"I sure did," Monty said. "I sure guess I did. It was out at the Salisbury branding this morning. One of the riders dragged up a calf, and me and the guy I was working with grabbed him to hold for the brand and the other stuff they do. But he was laying the wrong way. The Salisbury brand goes on the left side. So we made to flip him over and I was holding his front legs and one of them broke loose and kicked me. Those calves are only

"My mother sure knew what she was doing when she recoiled the day I brought you home."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We're here to escape religious persecution. What are you here for?"

• •

a couple of months old, but they're strong, and when they smell that hot iron coming at them it's like they get stronger. We had a calf one time that strained so hard he actually ruptured himself. And I guess those little hoofs are sharp. One of the cowboys drove me in to the Platte, and the doctor had to take nine stitches. But you know what? On the way in, we were going about ninety miles an hour, and the Highway Patrol stopped us. But when they saw what the trouble was, they waved us right on. They let us get up to almost a hundred."

THE pastor of St. John's Church is a young Nebraskan named John Schlaf. Stapleton is his first parish. "I spent last week where I could see nothing but dead concrete and the hurrying footsteps of man," Father Schlaf told me. "I was at a conference in Omaha. When I got home last night, I felt the difference. I felt the expanse, the space, some reflection of God in the countryside. Down there, I felt closed in—uptight. Down in Missouri, when I was in seminary, I used to think of working in Los Angeles. They need priests there. But then I got more realistic and saw that I was rurally oriented. I grew up a little east of here, in the little town of Spalding. And Omaha isn't even a city in big-city terms. But, of course, I'm a natural celibate. I like privacy. I don't even have a housekeeper here. If I'd wanted a housekeeper, I'd have got married. Stapleton is an ideal kind of parish for a priest like me—a little break for rest and study. I'll be moving on. But I could stay here for the rest of my life and love every month of it. It's a real parish, everybody participates, it's a community, it's beautiful. Everybody knows if somebody needs help, and they see that he gets it. We have some poor people here. They're poor by national income standards. But they don't know it—their needs are small. And if you called them poor, they'd be indignant. They'd be insulted. Stapleton is still remote. The war and the riots and the drugs and the pollution—they seem so far away. And race. Mexicans can't belong to the Elks down in North Platte. That bugs a lot of us, but that's the only race problem here. They've got some Jewish people in North Platte, but I never heard a word of anti-Semitism. Everybody here is sympathetic to civil rights. Of course, it's well removed. There aren't any Negroes in western Nebraska. But if a few Negro families moved into town, our people would lean over backward to be friendly. But if more than a few moved in—I don't know. They'd probably begin to feel threatened. I'm sure of one thing. These are good, Christian people, peace-loving people, but if a hippie group showed up here looking for wild marijuana and everything else, I'd be worried. There'd be bloodshed. These people would stomp on them."

MY last day in Stapleton was a Saturday. That night, after supper, after packing my bags, after a farewell walk around town (up to the depot and down to the school), I dropped into the Wagon Wheel Tavern for a farewell glass of beer. There was only a handful of people there. I saw James Morey playing the pinball machine, Wayne Salisbury with a group at the bar, Grace Young at a table with her father drinking a Coke and eating a bowl of popcorn. Elwin Miller and his wife, a pretty, red-haired girl, were sitting in a booth, and they called to me to join them. We sat and talked and drank Hamm's beer and listened to two cowboys with crewcuts and long sideburns arguing about Clint Eastwood (his age and origins and whether he could actually ride a horse or if he used a double) until about eleven o'clock. The Millers drove off to a dance at Mullen, some sixty miles away, and I walked back to the Motel. Except for the cars nosed in at the Wagon Wheel, the street was empty, and the only light was the wild green mercury glare of the street light at the Corner and a glow behind the barred back window of the post office. The only sound was the wind—the hot, dry, everlasting wind—stirring the cottonwood trees.

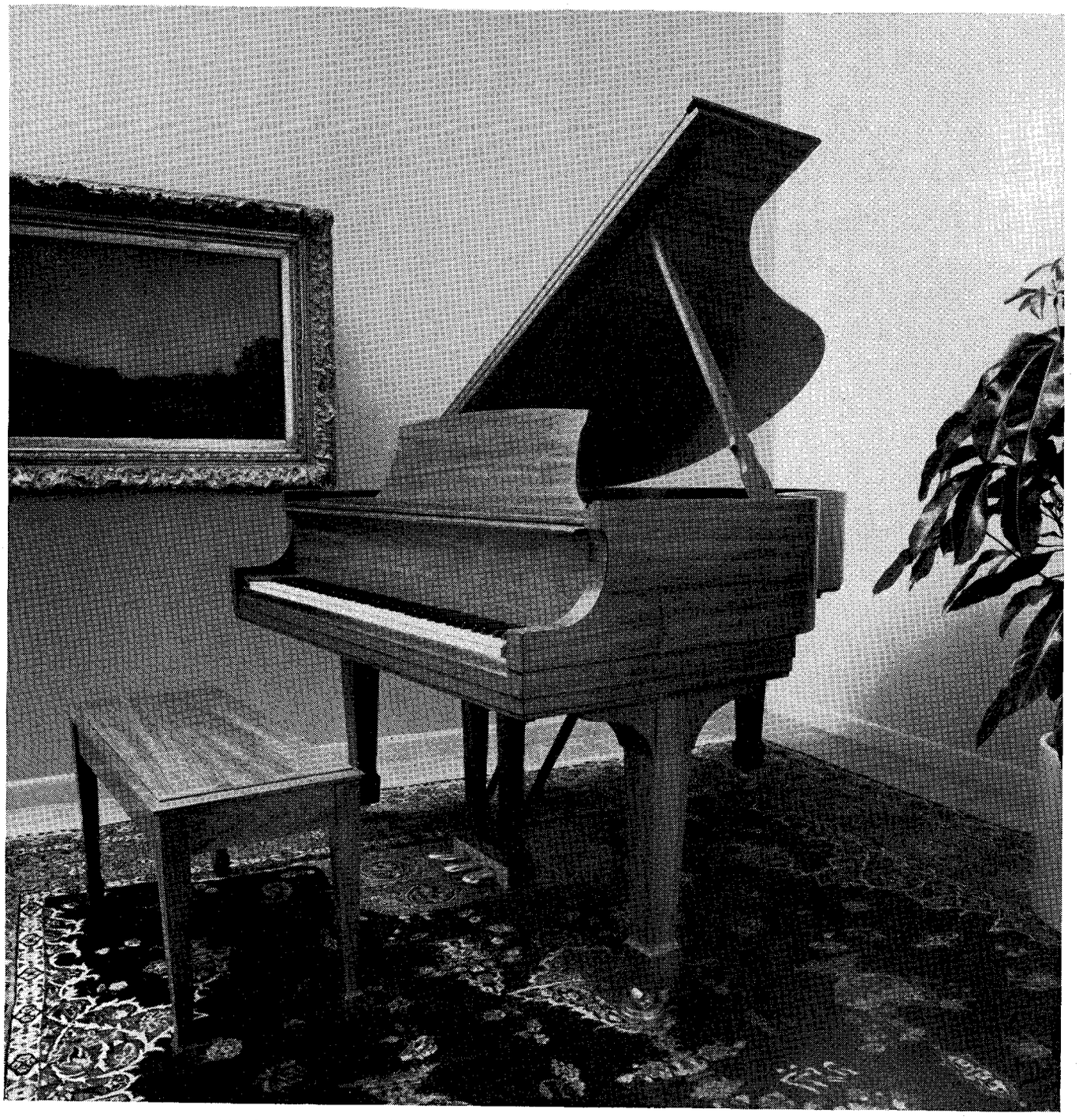
—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

"'Tis a consummation devoutly to be desired," wrote Shakespeare of unions like the joining of Metropolitan National Bank with Union Trust of Maryland.
—*Washington Post.*

If you mean he liked money, sure.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It just stands there, getting more valuable.

A Steinway® built thirty years ago is often worth more today than it was then.

Not because it is considered a collector's item, but because the care and workmanship that went into it keep it as alive today as it was when new. Today, it is still a more responsive piano than you can find in other showrooms.

It is still the only piano with the Steinway Diaphragmatic® Soundboard, which, thirty years old or not, no other piano has.

The new Steinway you buy will most likely share the same blue chip fate.

Simply because today's Steinway is built to the same standards. Even now, there is no such thing as rapid assembly or mass production at the Steinway factory. Some other manufacturers turn out more pianos in a week than Steinway does in a year.

So that once you have a Steinway in your home, you know it's there to stay. To give you all the pride and pleasure a piano can give...plus a modest return on your investment.

For more information please write John H. Steinway, Steinway Hall, 111 West 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

Steinway & Sons

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

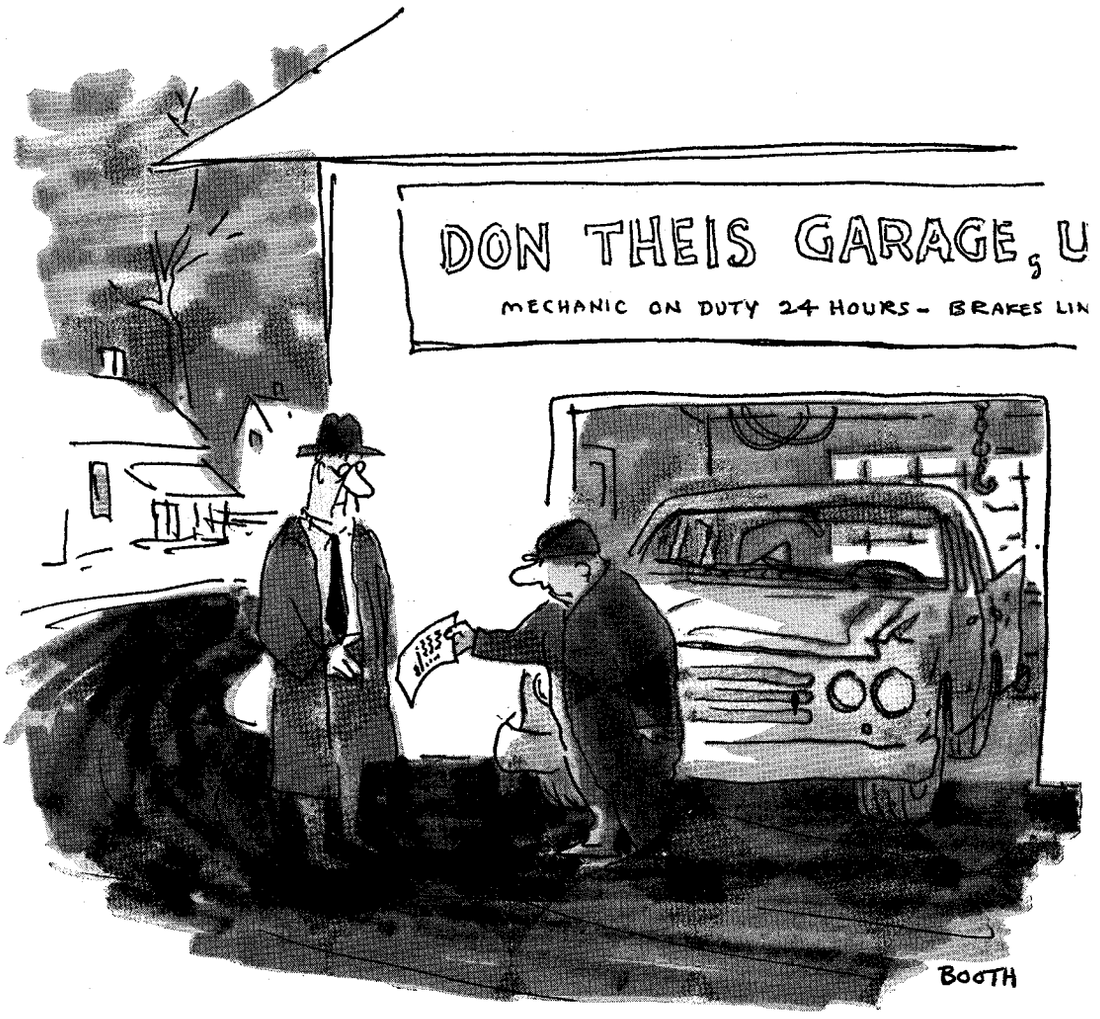
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"A Place Without Doors," by Marguerite Duras, is the imagined aftermath of an actual crime that took place in France four years ago, and it fails—or fails to be interesting, at any rate—because of the lending-library imagination behind it. In 1966, a woman named Claire Lannes, living in a suburb of Paris, murdered and dismembered the body of a cousin of hers—a deaf-mute who kept house for her and her husband—and then, when confronted by the police, immediately confessed to the murder. The play, which opened last week at the Staircase, takes the form of an interrogation. In the first act, the husband is questioned by an unidentified man who is trying to determine some motive for the crime and, incidentally, to find out what became of the head of the corpse. In the second act, the same interrogator questions Claire Lannes herself, a woman apparently unsuited to domesticity, who has escaped into madness from a marriage she has found progressively abhorrent after a love affair that took place twenty-two years ago. At the end, the interrogator bursts into tears and refuses to go on, possibly out of pity for Claire Lannes or possibly because he has been unable to make her tell him where she hid the head. Or he may be meant to be therapeutic rather than nosy. In any event, what we are left with is a pretentious and empty exercise in mystification and bogus revelation. Mlle. Duras, who wrote "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and any number of novels, is experienced enough and facile enough to appear to be probing deeply and bringing hidden matters to light, yet the characters and their situation remain shallow and two-dimensional, and we learn little in the second act that we could not have surmised from the first.

Even so, the idea of the drama is fascinating, and so is its atmosphere; that household is firmly set in France and nowhere else, which is, in a way, as much to the credit of Richard A. Dysart, in the role of the husband, as it is of the dramatist. Mr. Dysart's performance is strong and subtle, and Alvin Epstein is all right as the questioner. As the murderess, Mildred Dunnock—unsuitably cast, in the first place, as a woman presumably still in her forties—is implausible from beginning to end. Brian Murray, the director, did all that could be done on behalf of the script and the actors.

A WORD about the Al Fann Theatrical Ensemble, whose "Masks in Brown" I saw at P.S. 57, on 115th Street, near Third Avenue—a one-night stand. This all-black, semi-professional company plays school and college auditoriums. "Masks in Brown" is a musical revue adapted from the works of James Weldon Johnson, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Margaret Walker, Langston Hughes, and Martin Luther King, among others. The troupe is young and refreshing, and although there are weaknesses, principally in the readings of some of the lines, the spirit and emotion of all concerned make up for them, and the singing and dancing are fine. There are also good moments of comedy. Mr. Fann, who is entirely professional, directed the show, wrote much of the music, and, along with Saundra Sharp, supplied whatever script was necessary. I know of no way for you to see this company unless you happen to be a member of some lucky



"We did everything modern science could do, but there are some things we just haven't learned."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P.-T.A., but you might keep the Al Fann Theatrical Ensemble in mind for the future.

THE announcement that the Chelsea Theatre, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music—the most consistently exciting and adventurous of all the Off Broadway workshops—will have to shut down unless funds are immediately forthcoming is the worst news of the season (theatrically speaking). If you happen to know a Ford or a Rockefeller or an Onassis, kindly bring this matter to his attention. —EDITH OLIVER

•

HORTICULTURAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Waterville (Maine) Morning Sentinel*]

The Waterville Community Garden Club met Monday at the Central Maine Power Company when reports were given on the annual fall conference of the Garden Club Federation of Maine. . . .

Speaker was Mrs. Jeanne Nason, home service representative of Central Maine Power Company, who was introduced by Mrs. Rodriguez.

Her program was entitled "Lights Up For Christmas," and consisted of lighted wreaths and swags, art works, slides and food. A boot-shaped basket filled with Christmas greens and small mice intermingled with a clock was entitled, Hickory, Dickory Dock. Red yarn was entwined to give color. A crescent-shaped swag consisting of gold ornaments, garlands of green, costume jewelry and small gold lights was admired.

A most attractive picture frame was covered with gold corduroy, greens and a bird perched on a branch. This was accented by a large gold bow. A large wreath was decorated with what appeared to be candy but in reality was holiday ornaments. This was centered with a styrofoam doll.

Another wreath featured a garland of blue with silver butterflies. A cone-shaped tree showed an elf trimming it and another was covered with snowmen and styrofoam balls.

Another outstanding wreath was of holly, drums, majorettes and drummer boys. A gilded scrub board caught the eyes of the members. It was decorated with gingerbread men, green fruits and blue lights.

On display was a table of appliances suitable for Christmas giving and an array of appetizing foods. Tea was served from a table centered with a piece of driftwood on which perched a pixie.

•

WASHINGTON (AP)—The Nixon administration yesterday sued the state of Alabama and an Alabama judge who refused to issue a marriage license to a white Army sergeant and his Negro fiancee.

It was the first action ever taken by the federal government.—*Rochester (N.Y.) Democrat & Chronicle.*

It just seems that way.

A Home. Buy now or wait?

by **C. E. Bentley,** President, National League of Insured Savings Associations

Answer: Buy now.

Fact: Mortgage interest rates appear high, but there's no better deal in sight now or in the near future. The possibility that mortgage interest rates will plummet to the mid-1960 level of 6 percent isn't likely. They probably aren't really going to come down much in the near future. There will be some relief, there already is, but a dramatic reduction isn't in sight.

But: A home mortgage is still one of the best buys a family can make. The interest rate is much lower than the cost of borrowing money to buy a car or a color TV set. And in 1970, the interest rate on a home mortgage has been lower than that paid by major companies when they borrow money through their corporate bond issues.

Fact: Construction workers have recently won a large pay increase to be spread over a three-year period. Costs of housing, including labor and prices of materials, have been rising at least 8 percent a year. The longer you wait before your buy, the more, much more, the cost of what you buy.

But: Bargains in homes are available today, particularly in the existing home market. And builders are trying to satisfy the demand for basic values with new models that are long on square footage and short on frills.

Fact: The demand for investment money is intense. Government, both Federal and local, and private industry have an urgent need for capital. For expansion programs. For a myriad of international and domestic commitments. So interest rates are up and they apply to mortgages.

But: Mortgages are becoming more available. The surge of savings flowing into Savings and Loan Associations, the nation's leading lender of mortgage money, is one of the reasons why. And interest rates, particularly on conventional mortgages, are easing off across the country.

Fact: Savings and Loan Associations finance over half the homes in the country. More than all other financial institutions combined. Have helped make this country a nation of homeowners. Have, in so doing, helped the economy and added to the living standards of millions of families.

No Buts. Buy now. It makes sense.

Savings and Loan Associations

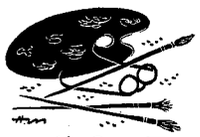
Where you save does make a difference®

©1971, The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc., 1111 "E" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ART WORLD

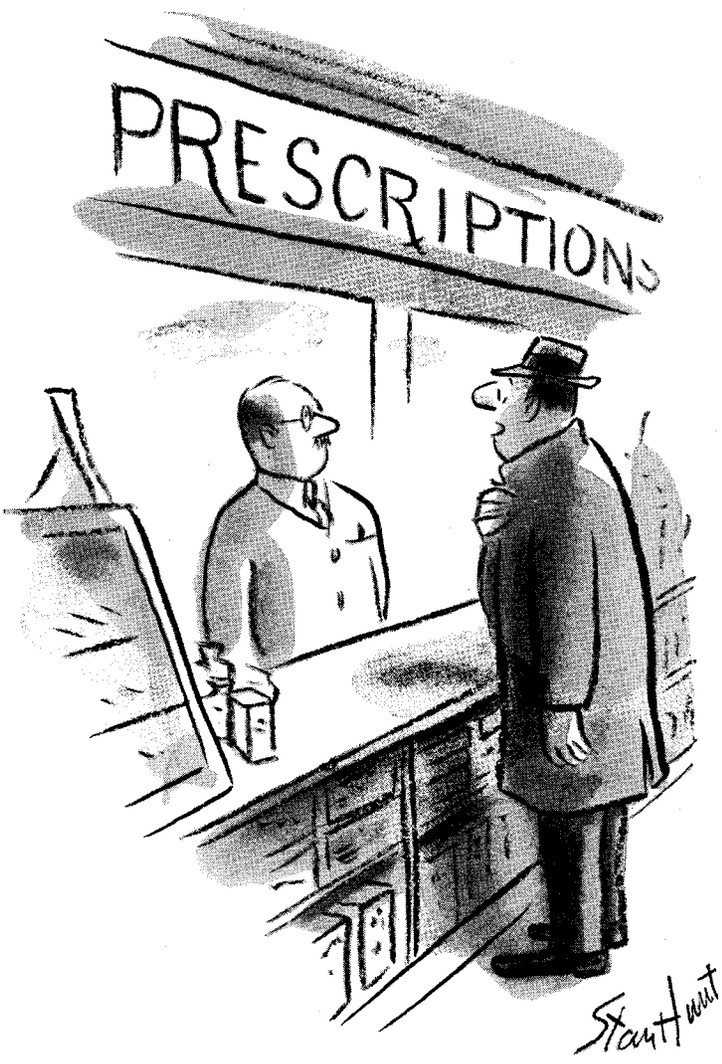
Set Out for Clayton!



"EVERYONE is welcome! If you want to be an artist, come forward! Our Theatre can use everyone and find the right place for everyone. If you decide to join us, we congratulate you here and now!" This announcement that recruiting is taking place at the Clayton Racetrack for the Nature Theatre of Oklahoma is read on a street corner by Karl Rossmann, hero of Kafka's "Amerika." The Theatre in which everyone is welcome to be an artist is nature as art, a happiness-generating "man-made environment" (to use the phrase popular in current writings on ecological art). "One of the most significant functions of this Theatre," wrote Walter Benjamin, "is to dissolve happenings into their gestic components." In the Theatre, everyone not only can be an artist but is a work of art. As such, everyone is automatically in "the right place;" that is to say, in the world museum. A New York artist, Vito Acconci, periodically notifies the art world, by mail, that on certain dates he will mount a stool in his studio *x* number of times and that this "work" may be viewed at the designated hours. The mounting and dismounting could well be the act assigned to Rossmann in Oklahoma. What does one do in the Nature Theatre? One acts oneself. How can one act oneself when one knows that one is acting? How can one not act oneself? Enough of discussion. "A curse on those who do not believe in us!" Kafka's announcement concludes. "Set out for Clayton!"

The Marxist philosopher Herbert Marcuse interprets the breakdown of the barriers between art and life, as in the case of Acconci, as a radical assault on bourgeois culture. The Nature Theatre, however, is the vision of a situation beyond all cultures—a situation that offers a role to everyone, regardless of talent or training. It is a democratic Utopia in which the metaphysical problem of identity, the solution of which Marx deferred until the advent of the classless society, is dealt with directly by individuals, each acting in accordance with his inner form. Because the disintegration of class culture (evidenced by the immersion of all strata of society in the same mass media) has outstripped the disintegration of social classes, the cultural revolution has preceded the political-economic one. Relieved of inherited forms, the individual has gained the privilege of molding his own identity out of data pertaining to his body and any mode of busyness ("gestic"). Besides mounting stools, Acconci counts his pulse beats and moves the contents of his apartment to the art gallery and back again. This activity is sanctioned as art by the logic that changed art history into the history of cultural artifacts, and it is presided over by the sublimated mask of Marcel Duchamp. Marcuse quotes a French thinker: "I dance, therefore I am." To enroll in the current equivalent of the Nature Theatre it is necessary only to purge oneself of reverence for masterpieces and to respond to paintings and sculptures as though they were phenomena belonging to the order of rows of windows in a high-riser or snowflakes melting on the hood of a parked car.

I report on Acconci without having seen him do his act. Why should anyone see him? That his art is exactly like anything else is the point of it. Once you've got his idea, it is as superfluous to witness his performance as it is to follow Duchamp into a store to see him select his bottle rack. "Already," writes Gene Youngblood, in an essay on "World Game: The Artist as Ecologist" in last August's *artscanada*, "the image of the artist has changed radically. Increasingly, it is the artist's *idea*, not his technical prowess, that is important" (his italics). In the Nature Theatre, there are actors but not necessarily spectators. As the art-world phrase goes, the relation between artist and audience has been revolutionized. It is enough merely to hear about works of art or to receive information about them through other media. Youngblood describes a mobile television "gallery" in Düsseldorf (the West Germans seem suddenly to have sprung forward into aesthetic avant-gardism) that commissions artists to execute earthworks and other environmental novelties expressly for broadcast, and he quotes the proprietor of the gallery to the effect that his "TV gallery exists only as a series of television transmissions. There is no gallery room. We communicate art, we do not sell objects. . . . Collaboration with TV stations . . . is the only hope for the fine arts if they are to endure." In this context, the desire to have "the fine arts endure" is rather surprising. According to Marcuse, "the thesis of the end of Art has become a familiar slogan." Can spectators without objects



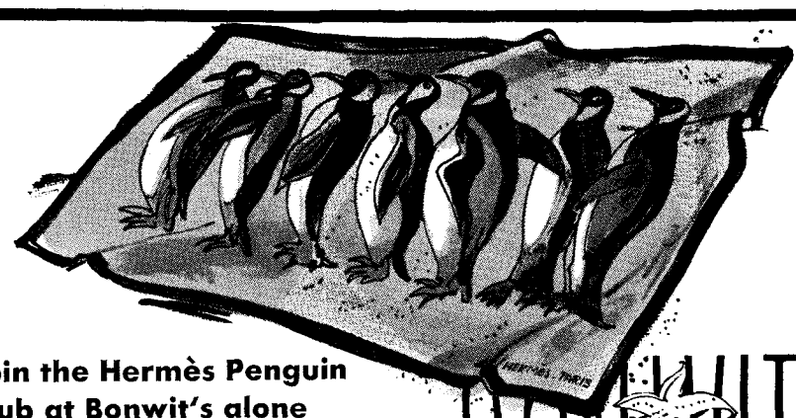
"I am interested in obtaining relief from the pain of headache and discomfort due to cold, neuritis, neuralgia, and rheumatism. Could you suggest something?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause art to last longer than objects without spectators? Perhaps hearsay art will take on the longevity of folklore.

Parallel to the Nature Theatre is World Game, which Youngblood expects "may become the most important art event in history." The Game is based on the contention of Buckminster Fuller that, in Youngblood's words, "it's now possible to make all humanity physically successful"—an intrinsically Nature Theatre idea ("If you decide to join us, we congratulate you here and now!"). Using data from Fuller's World Resources Inventory, "World Game approaches Spaceship Earth as a work of art." The objective of the Game is not, however, to contemplate the world, in the manner of nineteenth-century nature poets, but to change it. If the world is a work of art, it is also an inexhaustible pile of art materials. Every living creature is a detail in the ecological assemblage; even the mite of carbon dioxide produced by Acconci's exertions contributes to air pollution. The formal activity of World Game consists of composing "geosocial scenarios" by which to transform the art/reality environment. In establishing a global hookup capable of "programming a total environment for total man," the Game brings to fulfillment the theories represented by earth art, information-systems art, process art, electronic-phenomena art, chance art, data-registration art, and conceptual art. Youngblood lists a score of artists who are forerunners of World Game playing. They are art-world Names, such as Andy Warhol, Les Levine, Allan Kaprow, John Cage, Dennis Oppenheim, Robert Morris, and Otto Piene But when the world network of Game "extension groups" goes into operation (Youngblood is participation planner and, presumably, recruiter at the California Institute of the Arts), names won't be necessary, and there will be roles for everybody in "the great art works of tomorrow."

An earthworks artist has defined art as moving materials from one location to another; a Matisse is paint transferred from tubes to a canvas. In this view, the artist is a species of porter; perhaps this accounts for the fact that porters are a much-favored motif in pre-Columbian sculpture and Egyptian wall painting. Ecologically, we are all porters, in that we pick up air and food from the environment, store them for processing, and convey them back to their source. An artist is a porter who has declared himself an artist while he continues his work as a porter. As in the Nature Theatre announcement, it



Join the Hermès Penguin Club at Bonwit's alone

Why be just one of the flock? Sun on this whimsical gathering of seven strutting penguins as you bask in the glory of fabled Hermès of Paris! 60" x 36", it's a bath towel too in aqua bordered in navy or grey bordered in red. In lush cotton terry at Bonwit's alone, 40.00

Hermès Boutique Mail and phone. Please add .75 for delivery charge outside regular delivery area.

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York and all stores

BONWIT TELLER

Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

WILLIAMSBURG CW RESTORATION®

Before the Hallmark goes on, it's already a masterpiece of delft. The Hallmark doesn't make it so. It tells you it's so.

This cinnamon (or sugar) shaker is one of a kind because it's handmade—the same way delft was made in Colonial days. To make sure that no one mistakes any Williamsburg Restoration delft for the original antique, we bake the date of manufacture into each piece.

The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.

For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Dept. A-8, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

® Identifies trademarks of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DORADO BEACH GOLFER
Polka dot patches of navy, red, yellow, orange and lime in a cotton culotte skirt, by David Smith for the sporting set at Puerto Rico's Dorado Beach Hotel. Paired with a tailored shirt of Arnel® triacetate in white or navy. Both drip-dry, sizes 8-18. Skirt $22; shirt $15. Add $1.20 for postage. Send orders to Dorado Beach Hotel, Dorado Beach, Puerto Rico 00646.

ENTERTAIN HANDSOMELY IN
The New
TRIANON SUITE
at The Carlyle
An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare vintages, of course. Call our Banquet Department, 744-1600.
HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 76TH STREET

Fine Foods
Cocktails
CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.
The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962

If the line's too long at The Silent Woman, try The Four Seasons in New York!
the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

is necessary only to "come forward."

Robert Morris has come forward more frequently and in more roles in the last five years than anyone else in the art world. He has discovered the secret of postwar vanguard art: that existing works are translatable into ideas which can then be demonstrated by models accompanied by a text. His playing of reality against art and as art seems entirely uninhibited by any simple affection for paintings or sculptures. His "reality" art has traversed Jasper Johns' "thing" paintings, Minimalist cubes, boxes, I-beams and L-beams, anti-form (*arte povera*) accretions, process art (tree seedlings in a greenhouse at a Museum of Modern Art exhibition), earthworks, events reported on film, and (momentarily) the renunciation of art in favor of political action. Morris is the leading theoretician-practitioner of an art that could be made by anyone and appreciated through hearsay. "Morris," writes Marcia Tucker, in her monograph on the artist (Praeger, 1970), "eliminates distinctions between 'aesthetic' experience and 'real' experience. . . . The experience of this art is distinguished *quantitatively*, not *qualitatively*, from that of natural events or objects" (her italics). Making quality superfluous removes the major obstacle to immediate art performance (anyone with a recipe book can do it), as well as to immediate acceptance (since the audience has been liberated from uncertainties of judgment based on sensibility). Avant-garde art is at last put on a solid footing by the elimination of the conflict between what is justified by art ideas and what one likes. If there is no difference between art and life, there is no difference between the artist and his public. Instead of representing creative mysteries, the artist becomes a group leader. Collective projects, not the cultivation of individuals, are the aim, and it is sufficient that participants are kept cheerfully occupied.

World Game is the antithesis of the "I" Game, which artists from Symbolism through Action Painting have played in solitude in order to bring to consciousness and transform the inner Resources Inventory of individuals. Like World Game and the Nature Theater, "I" Game is open to everybody, and it has the extra advantage of requiring neither organization nor any apparatus more complicated than pencil and paper. In this aspect, "I" Game is more democratic than World Game but less sociable. Indications are that since art in our time tends to swing from extremes of introspection (Expressionism) to extremes of objectivity (Bauhaus, Minimalism), "I" Game may be expected to return to the foreground of art should World Game and its earthworks and conceptual subsidiaries become excessively popular. What is important, however, is that swings both outward and inward have been occurring in the orbit of related ideas about art. Like Action Painting, which is an "I" Game, all forms of ecological art regard art as an activity and seek a result that is not an object but a force acting on the spectator—even when it acts on him only through rumor. For Morris, says Miss Tucker, "the question 'What does it mean?' [is] irrelevant. The central issue becomes, instead, 'What does it do?'" Should someone during these shifts take the trouble to become a great painter, there would not, I suppose, be any strong objection.

LIKE the Abstract Expressionists of the nineteen-forties, World Game recognizes that art today is being produced in the midst of a world crisis—a situation the art movements and art criticism of the nineteen-sixties took great pains to deny. The crisis is very much alive in the mind of Herbert Marcuse, and he associates it, no doubt correctly, with the present tendency to dissolve forms and mingle art and life. In an article entitled "Art as a Form of Reality," contained in a collection of statements "On the Future of Art" (Viking, 1970) delivered as lectures at the Guggenheim Museum, Marcuse considers the art/life mix to be an expression of revolt against the profit system and its commodity culture. He identifies "real" art with anti-art, and anti-art with the New Left. But, oddly, the radical connections of art-as-life do not endear it to Marcuse. For him, art is higher than revolution; it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that it is higher than life itself. He believes that drowning art in reality is a violation of art values and also unrealizable. Art, no matter what it pretends to be, remains art, and if it tries to be something else it manages only to be bad art. This view puts Marcuse into conflict with all the negative and utilitarian art of this century since Futurism and Constructivism.

Marcuse's axiom is the not unfamiliar one that art is "essentially" different from everyday reality as well as from the realities of science, technology, and politics. What makes a work art is its participation in form, which participa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion removes it from nature and events into a separate realm. Marcuse is committed to the art object; modernist notions of art as action, event, process, communication seem to him distortions of the inherent nature of art. Without needing to name them, Marcuse is condemning World Game, earth artists, conceptual artists, Robert Morris, and electronic-systems artists, such as James Seawright and J. W. Burnham—the last two fellow-contributors to "On the Future of Art." Indeed, to juxtapose Marcuse's idealistic conception of the art object as a "self-contained whole"—"something 'higher,' 'deeper,' perhaps 'truer' and 'better,' " whose creation was "guided by the idea of the beautiful"—with the ecological artist's pragmatic definition of art as moving rocks, dirt, household furnishings, or bodies from one place to another provides a ripe fragment of "found" comedy.

Marcuse's most telling argument against today's "living art" relates to its social effects: that in imagining that it can transform the environment it denies the experience of estrangement and powerlessness characteristic of present-day life. Audience-participation Happenings and displays present what seem to be pieces of reality on which spectators can act, but this reality is aesthetically contrived, and thus unlike the reality over which most people have no control at all. In this way, "living art" changes antagonism to things as they are into approval, and Marcuse concludes that "illusion is strengthened rather than destroyed." So he accuses anti-art of being falsely revolutionary—a conclusion hard to refute. But he weakens his case by being against all art that attacks or puts aside inherited forms. He wants to revolutionize society but to keep art intact above society, in the form it presumably has always had. Art cannot be blended with life, and life can become aesthetic only when "a new type of men and women" begin building an altogether new society. But even the perfect reconstruction of man and his environment will not affect the transcendent status of painting and sculpture, including works of the past; they will continue to embody "a beauty and truth antagonistic to those of reality."

Marcuse's position is an instance of the intrinsic conservatism of the Marxist outlook on contemporary art. In the name of a future new society, it rejects the changing, imaginative substance of the present. Blaming everything on the capitalist system amounts to blaming *only* the capitalist system. Craft work executed in pre-capitalist slave workshops carries no stigma, and it even forms part of changeless standards by which to denounce the creations of free minds. In splitting form from content, Marcuse locates himself firmly in the academic tradition. Philosophically, it may be convenient to isolate art from non-art phenomena; to identify art with form helps, for example, to explain how works produced in one culture can carry over into another. But this "solution" overlooks the progressive deformalization of the modern imagination under the flood of random events and mass-communication patterns. It overlooks, too, the great works of modernism that are improvised in one-of-a-kind forms ("Thus Spake Zarathustra," "Guernica," even the Communist Manifesto) or built out of raw fact ("Moby Dick," Impressionist painting, collage).

No doubt World Game and artists on Youngblood's list of "living-art" pioneers function on the edge of farce and often fall into self-delusion and hoax. But in art it is folly to demand that works should conform literally to claims made for them. The sincerity of "living art" lies not in its ability actually to become part of nature but in the logic with which it carries on the struggle of earlier twentieth-century art movements against fixed ideas of the aesthetic. The resort to direct experience and materials outside of art is an aspect of the cultural crisis; it is the response of artists continually compelled to begin anew. Reality-versus-art may be a slogan of the New Left, but it was also a slogan of nineteenth-century American painters, from Catlin through Eakins, though they, too, were unable, as Marcuse says of today's anti-artists, to escape "from the fetters of the Art-Form." Situations of novelty and crisis induce programs of making do with what lies at hand. The Oklahoma Nature Theatre is a vision of America as a place where anyone can begin again with himself as he is. There, art imposes no forms on life. In the Nature Theatre each must create his own part and his style of performing it. The Nature Theatre is the alternative to the New Order—Marcuse's and anyone else's. The future of art in America has become perfectly clear. "Everyone is welcome! Set out for Clayton!"

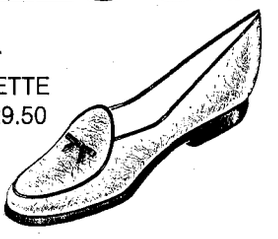
—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

One man I know dives to the bottom of his pool, takes a deep breath and screams underwater.—*Rex Reed in the Times.*

You known him long?

De Busschere
Hand made
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes



Soft-soled casuals known the world over.
Available in America only at our salons or by mail.

☐ Red/trim black ☐ Blue/trim green ☐ All White
☐ Blue/trim red ☐ Brown/trim black ☐ All Black
☐ Beige/trim white ☐ Yellow/trim white ☐ All Navy

For a selection from 21 fashion-right colors, full color brochures on request.

My regular shoe size is_____
Send_____pairs @ $29.50 each.
Add 75c per pair mailing charge.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal tow path . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURRENT CINEMA

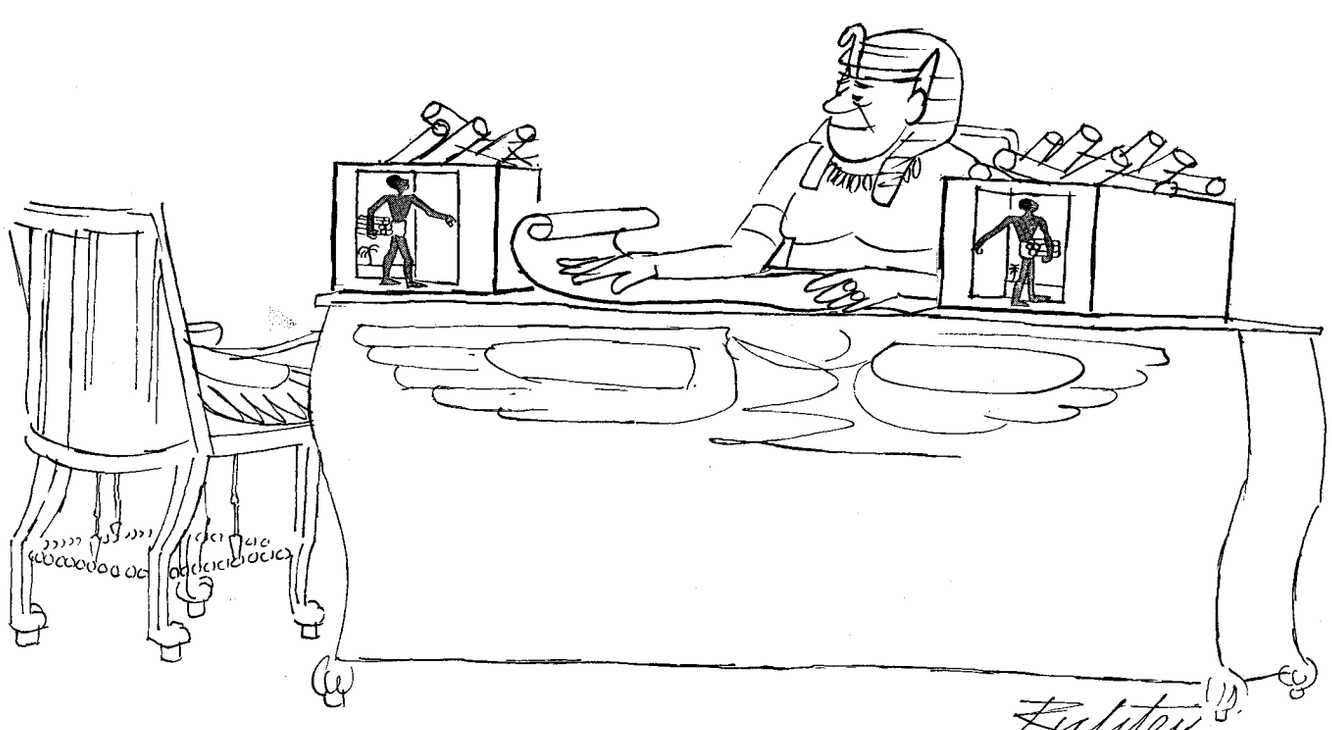
Megalomaniacs

IF in the theatre satire is what closes on Saturday night, in movies parable is what shows at film festivals and never opens. Kafka and Borges may appear to be very cinematic authors, but their epigrams and enigmas don't seem to supply enough sense of life or much texture. Godard and Bertolucci have had their flirtations with Borges; Elio Petri, a movie critic on an Italian Communist paper and then a scenarist, became a director a decade ago, and has from the start shown the influence of Kafka—particularly of "The Trial" and "The Castle." Petri is distinctively unsentimental, and his indirect method of telling a story—which gradually takes the form of a paranoid fantasy—makes the viewer apprehensive. Typically, Petri, who uses Kafka politically, has worked with Marcello Mastroianni or Gian Maria Volonte as his trapped hero. In the remarkably intelligent thriller "We Still Kill the Old Way," Volonte was a foolish professor innocently trying to solve a crime in a land where there was no justice. In that film, derived from "A Man's Blessing," by Leonardo Sciascia, though one anxiously expected the worst at every moment, one feared for the hero and cared about what happened to him; it was a humane thriller. Petri's new "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion," based on a screenplay he wrote with Ugo Pirro, is a more sophisticated and somewhat perverse political film, and I think it may be too nasty and kinky for the political parable to be effective.

Starting with Kafka's cryptic "He is a servant of the law and eludes judgment," Petri sets out to demonstrate the proposition that those in authority are above the laws they are supposed to serve. He chooses for his demonstration the chief of Rome's homicide squad (Volonte), just promoted to a new post, in which he is to deal with political dissidents. This mad big-shot cop believes he has a license to kill. The theme is fascinating, but the queasy, tense atmosphere derives not from the horror of the proposition itself but from the kinkiness of the details, such as the use of jangly music when the cop slits the throat of his mistress (Florinda Bolkan) and then plants the incontrovertible evidence that he did it. Petri has a fun-and-games approach to chic perversity—like a cold, soured Vadim—and this makes one so jumpy that it distracts one from the meaning of the film. Though the megalomaniac's view of the world proves correct—he is not prosecuted for the murder, even though everyone knows he committed it—Petri doesn't develop this cosmic political joke. Instead of moving forward into a view of how power creates invulnerability, the movie goes backward into flashbacks about the cop's bizarre sex life.

The movie left enjoys the complacent—and photogenic—notion that people seek power because they are sexually inadequate, and that authoritarian personalities can be explained by impotence, repressed homosexuality, and so on. (Didn't Swift make fun of this idea a few centuries ago when he said that Alexander had to conquer the world because all his unused semen had gone to his head?) The thread of the film's argument gets lost when Volonte is revealed to be a sexual weakling and begins cracking up all over the place. Petri fails to take the parable to its conclusion and have the maniac revel in his victory. The end is fumbled, and the point of the film isn't made clear. It's easy to see why: the parable form is short on details, while the vicious thriller is full of possibilities for nervous excitation. The movie is extremely dislikable. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably, he doesn't resolve the tensions, and so the film leaves one in rather a foul mood. And, by the way, I'm not at all convinced that Kafka's elusive remark meant what Petri took it to mean.

IF you resist the aggression of a certain kind of loudmouth, he is quick to tell you that you're afraid of life. And no matter how dispassionately you analyze what's the matter with "Husbands"—which is just about everything—those who made it and those who love it will insist that if you didn't like it, you're hung up or uptight, or



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some other "up" or "tight" construction. I think I gave my all by sitting through it. The film, which ran two hours and eighteen minutes when I saw it, had already lost sixteen minutes; if I were cutting it, I don't think there would be much left except one shot of Ben Gazzara coughing, a sequence of an actor named John Kullers singing "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?," a short scene of John Cassavetes' little daughter crying when he comes home, and a few scenes involving two charming English actresses—a tall blonde named Jenny Runacre and a medium-sized blonde named Jenny Lee Wright. Maybe twenty minutes in all, and that's stretching it.

"Husbands," directed by Cassavetes, extends the faults of his last film, "Faces;" one might even say that "Husbands" takes those faults into a new dimension. It is, as "Faces" was, semi-written by Cassavetes and semi-improvised by the actors. This time, the film is about three suburban husbands—Cassavetes (a dentist), Gazzara (a Peter Max sort of commercial artist), and Peter Falk (profession unspecified)—who go on a bender after attending the funeral of a fourth. The three buddies are boy-boy American males taking flight from their marriages and responsibilities, and, for the period in which we observe them, more emotionally involved with sports and each other than with their professions or their families. One assumes they are meant to be searching for themselves, their lost freedom, and their lost potentialities—and one can guess that Cassavetes believes that their boyishness is creative. But the boyishness he shows us isn't remotely creative; it's just infantile and offensive.

The three leads are like performers in a Norman Mailer movie, role-playing at being lowlifes. Despite the suburban-commuter roles they have chosen, they punch and poke each other like buffoonish hardhats. When one cries, "Harry, you're a phony," the riposte is "Nobody calls me a phony"—and this sort of exchange may be followed by gales of laughter. In fact, they act very much like Gazzara, Falk, and Cassavetes doing their buddy-buddy thing on the "Dick Cavett Show." They horse around, encouraging each other to come up with dialogue like "The man is right. When the man is right, he's right." Since their performances don't have enough range for a full-length film, they become monotonous; Cassavetes apparently deceives himself and others into taking this monotony for fidelity to life. He replaces

MEET A ROTHSCHILD AT DINNER TONIGHT!

A Baron Philippe de Rothschild wine for only $3.19

Mouton-Cadet 1966

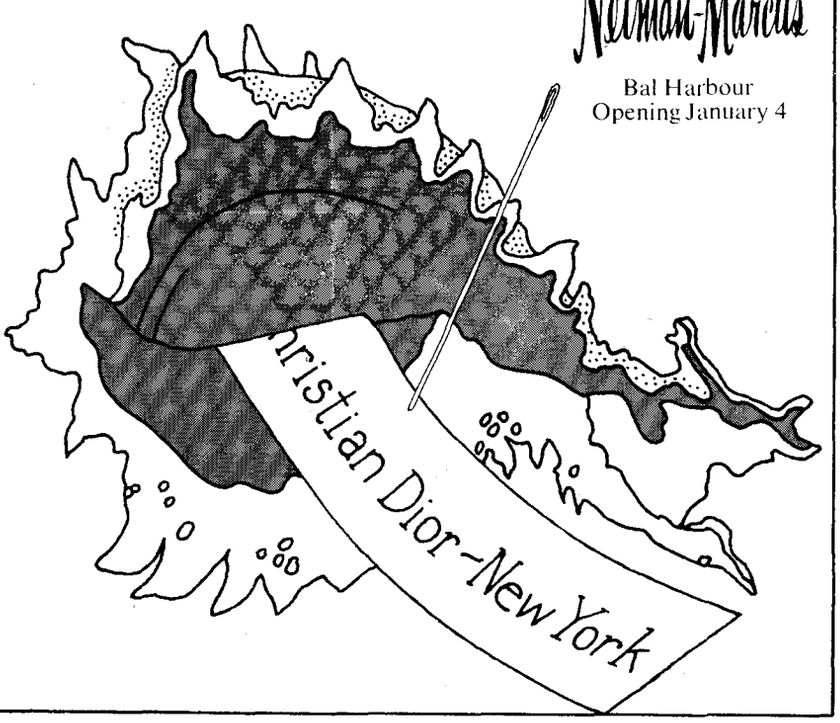
(You can also enjoy this fine vintage Bordeaux at your favorite restaurant for a reasonable price.)

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.: MUNSON SHAW CO., NEW YORK

When we open our new Florida home this winter, of course the famous label of Christian Dior-New York will be there.

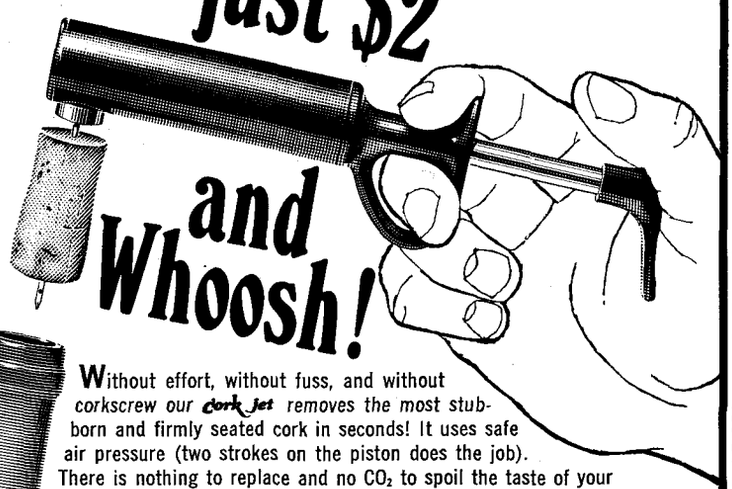
Neiman-Marcus

Bal Harbour
Opening January 4



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just $2 and Whoosh!



Without effort, without fuss, and without corkscrew our cork jet removes the most stubborn and firmly seated cork in seconds! It uses safe air pressure (two strokes on the piston does the job). There is nothing to replace and no CO_2 to spoil the taste of your precious Lafite Rothschild. Our catalog lists cork jet at $4.95. But, if you are a devil-may-care type, and used to making lightning decisions, you may have this delightful gadget FOR JUST $2 (limited time only). How? Just send us your check for $2 (or two $1 bills if you prefer) and we'll rush it to you. But that isn't all: In addition we'll send you our FABULOUS NEW CATALOG (Many call it "America's Greatest Wishbook"). And, finally, we'll send you A $2 GIFT CERTIFICATE. Impress your friends with this "Space Age Marvel." Send us your $2 today... before we change our minds and withdraw this crazy offer!

☐ Please send me cork jet, etc., forthwith. My $2 are enclosed.

NAME

ADDRESS

ZIP NY0102

582 Washington St., San Francisco, Ca. 94111 haverhill's

You know what you ought to do tonight?

You ought to sit down at a hibachi table and treat yourself to hibachi steak, hibachi shrimp or hibachi chicken— that's what you ought to do tonight.

BENIHANA of TOKYO

Benihana Palace 15 W. 44 St., 682-7120
Benihana East 120 E. 56 St., 593-1627
Benihana West 61W. 56 St., 581-0930

Chicago, Beverly Hills, Encino, Seattle, Las Vegas, San Francisco, Harrisburg, Fort Lauderdale, Portland, Ore., Puerto Rico, Honolulu, Tokyo.

the exhausted artifices of conventional movies with a new set of pseudo-realistic ones, which are mostly instantaneous clichés. As a writer-director, he's so dedicated to revealing the pain under the laughter he's a regular Pagliacci. To put it in the puerile terms in which it is conceived, Cassavetes thinks that in "Husbands" he has stripped people of their pretenses and laid bare their souls.

Cassavetes' method was originally, back in the "Shadows" days, to combine a group of actors' improvisations into a loose story; now he writes and stages sequences to look improvised. "Husbands," which went considerably over its initial million-dollar budget, is a fairly elaborate shot-in-color production that was planned to look like grainy caught "reality." The dialogue—written to sound unwritten—is deliberately banal; the timing is agonizingly slow, to simulate spontaneity; and there are inexplicable sequences (such as one involving a Chinese girl) that are staged to look crazily accidental.

His approach to filmmaking is an actor's approach, and when it's effective it has certain resemblances to Harold Pinter's approach to theatre. The three men interacting onscreen are like the basic Pinter stage situation. We don't know anything about the supposed characters or their connections to the world—when they're throwing up their past lives we don't know what they're throwing up—but the actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other. We're glued to the acting in this movie, because that's really all there is, and maybe the best clue to the chaos of Cassavetes' method comes from the subsidiary players. The three leads are, after all, successful actors who have chosen to do what

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they're doing; they seem to be having a good time, and it's their psychodrama and their picture. But there are a couple of dozen New York and London professionals in the cast, and it's troubling to watch them. There is a long sequence in a New York bar in which a bunch of drinkers are sitting around a table, and the three men tell each in turn to sing, and proceed to torment the person singing. And all we can see are actors and actresses trying their damnedest to do what is wanted because they need the work. When a middle-aged woman (who looks as if she'd be a wonderful movie mother for Tuesday Weld) sings a song beginning "It was just a little love affair" over and over—at their insistence—while they bait her and tell her they hate her and then kiss her, we're acutely conscious of discomfort. She isn't playing a role, she's being *used*, and yet she's also coöperating as an actress. Are Cassavetes and his buddies aware of how hostile their role-playing is, how much of it is just a form of picking on people on camera?

"Husbands" is a messy synthesis—a staged film with a documentary-style use of professional performers. We don't know what to react to: we can't sort out what we're meant to see from what we see. We know that the people around the table in the bar wouldn't sit there while these clowns bully them unless they were paid for it, but we also know that the sequence is supposed to reveal something that "ordinary" movies don't. But what does it reveal except the paralysis and humiliation of the bit players? Kullers and the two English girls triumph over "Husbands" by their talent and looks and style, but characteristically the camera gloats on hysteria or dismay or aging flesh. Cassavetes' camera style is to move in for the kill, like those TV newsmen who ask people in distress the questions that push them to break down while the camera moves in on the suffering eyes and choking mouth. In the past, Cassavetes has given some erratic evidence of being a compassionate director; I think he forfeits all claims to compassion in "Husbands." A long closeup scene in a London gambling club in which an elderly woman is approached by Peter Falk and coyly propositions him is perhaps the most grotesquely insensitive movie sequence of the year. It's hideous not because this is truth that the spectator seeks to evade but because this is bad acting and a gross conception. It reveals nothing more than a sensitive director would reveal by a look or a gesture, and at a discreet distance. Since Cassavetes conveys no sense of illusion—since he's after the naked "reality"—we don't think about the role, we think about the actress, and we wonder if she could ever get enough money to compensate for what is being done to her.

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

FOR MR. REED OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD

They found his kayak but they never found him,
I thought for no reason, sitting in Tokyo,
eating my shrimp-rice and bean sprouts,
watching the bulge of a four-months-pregnant woman
standing, waiting to get my seat.

Why do people, I find myself asking,
forget this needed thing—to be
generous to themselves?
Dear Alex—
his carefully gardened, wind-combed hill;
I remember the ample light-swept spaces
of the clean house he built for himself up there,
who tossed for a week or so while he became
debris, strewing some floor of the Atlantic.
It was winter, I think,
and he was a good swimmer.

The woman has found a seat. These Japanese
are so patient
and expect so little, except good manners,
not comfort even.
Alex loved shells and driftwood
and is dead, a lone gardener, and I
am sitting in Shinjuku, in Tokyo, thinking it over.

—STEPHEN SANDY

It is said a Viking hooked the first herring in history. Now the Danes prepare them 1,001 ways. Birger Christensen may not have caught the first furs. But today our collection runs well into the hundreds. Sample them all at Bonwit Teller.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA
that swings... blue mountains, crystal
waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach.
Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff
of 300—no conventions—adults only.
Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence
M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S. JOURNAL: PINELLAS COUNTY, FLORIDA

ATTRACTIONS

The Bounty

MOST people in the attractions business don't want to be the only game in town. Naturally, there would be objections if an attraction called, say, Chimpanzee World set up shop next to one called Monkey Village. And when someone tried to build a two-hundred-foot observation tower in a place that would permit the customers to observe not only some orange groves but a good part of Cypress Gardens, Dick Pope, the founder of Cypress Gardens, managed to obtain both a court injunction and a state law that made it unlawful for one attraction to peddle a look over the fence at another. ("Dick Pope is Mr. Florida, of course," Frank Byars, the proprietor of Tiki Gardens, near St. Petersburg, says. "He's the best promoter in the state.") But the theory in the Florida tourist business is that travellers, particularly the two million travellers who cross the state line every year without a specific destination in mind, are more likely to visit a city with five attractions than a city with one—partly because of the effect of five promotion budgets—and that the resulting money will sooner or later rub off on everyone involved. When the Bounty dropped anchor and opened turnstiles at the St. Petersburg bay front, in 1965, it was welcomed into the Pinellas Attractions Association. The association's members mention each other in brochures, coöperate in trying to generate publicity, and share with the city of St. Petersburg the cost of a series of billboards that starts in south Georgia. Having arrived at last in St. Petersburg, a tourist is faced with a billboard advertising Jungle Gardens and the Circus Hall of Fame and Bellm's Cars & Music of Yesterday—all in Sarasota, the next attractions city to the south.

Not everybody in St. Petersburg was enthusiastic about the Bounty's arrival. The land the city leased to the promoters for the ship and its accompanying Tahitian Village—in return for a cut of the take—was land that some thought should be preserved for the public, even the non-ticket-holding public. Those in favor maintained that having the Bounty on Tampa Bay would lure more people to St. Petersburg's downtown—an area that has been the object of constant civic solicitude for several years as the city has tried to lure fewer retired wintertime residents, who tend not to spend much money, and more family vacationers, who tend to spend all the money they bring along. The Bounty offered tourists the opportunity to stroll "in the footsteps of Captain Bligh and Fletcher Christian"—or, to be more exact, the opportunity to stroll in the footsteps of Trevor Howard and Marlon Brando strolling in the footsteps of Captain Bligh and Fletcher Christian. Although the ship was commissioned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rather than by the Royal Navy, it is a seaworthy vessel that has sailed to Tahiti and London and just about every other port of call with any promotional possibilities, and has probably been through as much as Bligh's ship, having survived not only high seas but the film's reviews and a year at the New York World's Fair.

Not long ago, the Bounty's present masters, the M-G-M Merchandising Corporation, offered the city a new proposal—to replace the relatively modest Tahitian village next to the ship with a twelve-acre reproduction of Portsmouth, England, as it was in 1787, when the original Bounty sailed. Some members of the city council seemed to think that a reproduction of the Portsmouth, England, of 1787 was just what St. Petersburg had been lacking. An eighteenth-century English village may at first seem an inappropriate attraction for a Florida resort city, but Silver Springs, Florida, after all, has an attraction called Six Gun Territory that is billed as "A Complete Western Town." Busch Gardens, in Tampa, the most successful attraction in the state, features an African veldt with a Swiss chalet on it. Tourists seem to

"Myself and a few other gentlemen here would like to have a word with Mayor Lindsay."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consider an attraction appropriate if it is packaged appropriately as an attraction—a package that ordinarily includes the biggest something, the only something else, and a gift shop.

The day before the Bounty's expansion proposal was due to be presented for the first time to the city council, a couple of weeks ago, the project's public-relations firm announced that some apparent deed restrictions on the land would force a postponement of its client's council appearance. There was talk around St. Petersburg that M-G-M Merchandising had backed off in the face of opposition. The local newspapers are strongly opposed to the expansion. Several local organizations have publicly objected to the expansion plan—some because they believe that no more publicly owned bay front should be used commercially, and one because it believes that the land proposed for the authentic English village should be used for an authentic Indian village instead.

AQUATARIUM

A FAMILY that walks into the Aquatarium in St. Petersburg Beach to see some dolphins do tricks in the largest circular water tank in the world is likely to be invited on an outing almost immediately.

"You folks vacationing?" a friendly woman in a hostess dress and a name tag said recently to a man who had just entered the Aquatarium with his wife and their little girl.

"Well . . ." the man said, and the woman with the name tag seemed to be saying ten things at once. The man and his wife were going to be someone's guests for an entire day. The little girl, too—there were plenty of activities for the kiddies. It was only nineteen miles east of Lake Wales, and everything was free. Hayrides. Lakes and woods stocked with fish and game. A place for rodeos. A fabulous resort.

"Fishes," the little girl said, tugging at her father's pant leg.

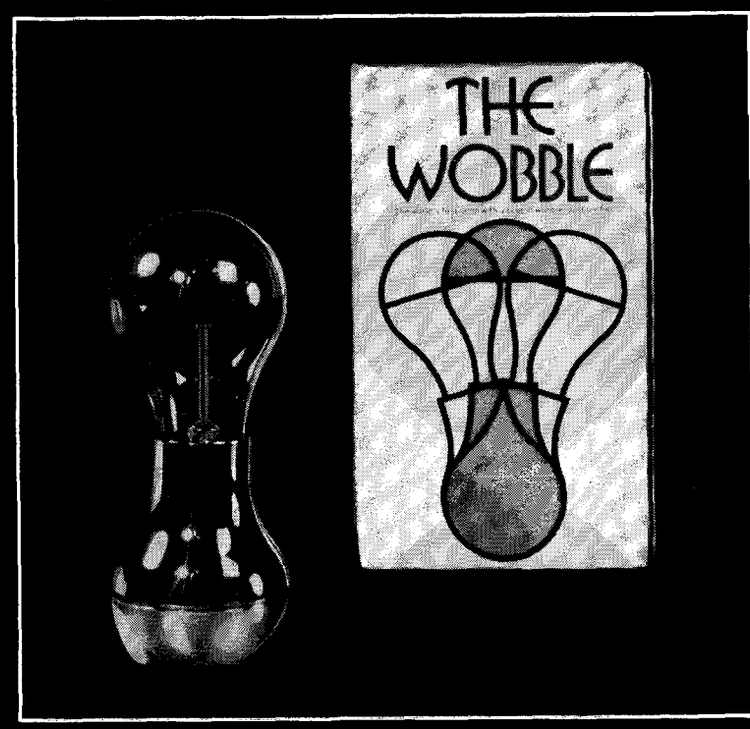
A limousine would call for them. Tomorrow morning.

"Well, I'm not sure . . ." the man said.

A half day's deep-sea fishing was being offered. The man mumbled something about not having time, or not being a fisherman. "Is this to sell real estate?" he asked. Houses or lots hadn't been mentioned, but the woman had come from a booth that said "River Ranch Acres."

"Well, we do have a city there, too," the woman said. "Are you sure I

Introducing the Wobble.



No, this is not a picture of two lightbulbs making love.
It's a picture of one lightbulb making love. To a polished chrome, weighted base.
Push a Wobble and it snaps right back to attention. So it's a great lamp for people who like to fidget.
Who knows? This little lamp may replace pencil chewing, rubber band twisting, and paper clip bending. (Captain Queeg would have had two Wobbles.)
Besides all the excitement, each and every Wobble comes equipped with a new kind of lightbulb called the Beanie Bulb.

And all this costs a mere $15.90.
So the price won't make you nervous. But if it does, at least you'll have a lamp that understands.

SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.
On mail orders add $1.50 postage.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-146, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N. Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, Open 10-6, Mon.-Sat.

Great Golf Holiday

Play 7 days / 6 nights on two great Robert Trent Jones golf courses. Matchless accommodations near Phoenix. Write for illustrated brochure and rates.
Reade Whitwell, V.P.

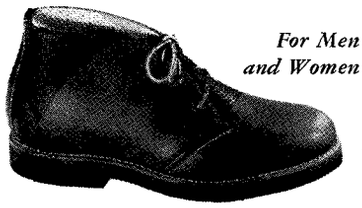
THE WIGWAM
Arizona's Country Club Resort
Litchfield Park, Arizona • 602 935-3811
Tetley / Fawcett / Warner represented

OLD DROVER'S INN
DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.

Open New Year's Eve.
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED TUES. & WED.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bean's Cabin Boot



For Men and Women

Fully sheepskin lined for cold weather comfort. Sturdy, top grain leather uppers, waterproof treated. Sure footed. "Cush-N-Crepe" soles and heels. Handsomely constructed. Color, Brown Maple. Ladies' sizes 4 to 10. Narrow and Medium. $21.00 postpaid. Men's sizes 6½ to 13. Widths C and E. $23.00 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship_____ Ladies' Size_____ @ $21.00

Ship_____ Men's Size_____ @ $23.00

Name_____

Address_____

Zip_____

L. L. Bean, Inc.
344 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Hunting, Fishing and Camping Specialties

MONSIGNORE
ELEGANT CONTINENTAL CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
STROLLING VIOLINISTS—CHARGE CLUBS
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63rd ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

The finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

DINER A LA FRANCAISE
Nightly exc MON.
6:00 to 11:00 P.M.
SUNDAY from 5:30
LUNCHEON 12/3
A BIT OF BRITTANY IN NEW YORK
L'Armorique
2ND AVE. corner of 54TH ST. • PL 3-3787

can't interest you in being our guest for a half day's deep-sea fishing?"

Sunken Gardens

George Turner usually refers to himself as a farmer—or "just a farmer." He says that the only time he was in New York everyone was very polite about giving directions except a subway employee who got irritated when Turner said he didn't understand what was meant by directions to go uptown. "I told him it all looked flat to me," Turner says. Turner and his brother Ralph run Sunken Gardens, the oldest attraction in the St. Petersburg area. Sunken Gardens started charging admission in the thirties, when attractions in Florida consisted mainly of filling stations that offered travellers the opportunity to see an albino raccoon and a two-headed calf and, often, a one-sided crap game. In 1902, George and Ralph Turner's father, who had been a plumber for a time, bought a shallow lake in what was then the countryside near St. Petersburg, drained it through some underground tile pipes, and started a nursery business in the rich muck that remained. From his son's description, the elder Turner sounds like an authentic product of the earlier days of the century in Florida—a man who loved plants and also enjoyed dabbling in real estate.

Sunken Gardens is one of the founding members of the Florida Attractions Association, an organization that was set up some years ago to police as well as promote the industry. Although the Turners have replaced some of the more exotic tropical plants their father specialized in with plants that mean more to the average visitor—plants that produce tea or coffee or bananas, for instance—the garden has the look of a place that is cared for by people who are actually interested in what grows there. "It's a good attraction," a local publicity man who is about to go to work at Sunken Gardens said recently. "And pretty soon Florida's going to be so developed that a good attraction is going to be an oasis." Sunken Gardens has a couple of aviaries as well as the monkeys without which practically any Florida attraction would feel somehow not quite attractive enough, but when George Turner walks through he talks mainly about plants—pointing out how much a palm has grown or talking about how late the frost came in 1940 or recalling how much his father loved camellias.

For a long time, the garden had a small gift shop at its entrance. Then, three years ago, a bottling plant right outside the gate became available, and the Turners bought it to use as an enlarged gift shop. The sign outside now says, "Sunken Gardens and World's Largest Gift Shop and King of Kings." (King of Kings is a series of New Testament scenes done in wax figures by a local woman, who began with the Last Supper and, according to the sign, "is continually creating new scenes to enhance everlasting inspiration to your spiritual memory." Before finding a permanent home in the Sunken Gardens gift shop, the artist and her husband used to display the King of Kings at a St. Petersburg department store during the Easter season and at a resort town called Russells Point, Ohio, in the summer. The exhibit is free, except for voluntary contributions at the door—a method that proved in Russells Point to bring in more money than selling tickets.) The gift shop now has row after row of ceramic cats and African carvings and cups and saucers and Florida-souvenir ashtrays and Western costumes and authentic reproductions of shrunken heads of Jivaro Indians and several thousand other items. Anyone walking through might think that the gardens on the other side of the turnstile were made entirely of ceramic. "Well, it starts with postcards," George Turner said recently, when asked about the gift shop. "First, people ask for postcards, and you see you can make money selling them. Then, pretty soon, you got ten items, then a hundred, then a thousand." A quarter of a million people paid to see the Sunken Gardens last year (two-fifty for adults, a dollar for children), but the Turners grossed just as much on their gift shop.

Criswell's Money Museum (Closed)

Grover Criswell is a former mayor of St. Petersburg Beach, one of the towns along the strip of sand and motels that separates St. Petersburg from the Gulf of Mexico. He specializes in buying and selling Confederate money, in which currency, according to one St. Petersburg attractions man, he may well be the richest man in the world. (An attractions man will toss off a superlative at the drop of the World's Largest Hat.) In 1963, Criswell opened Criswell's Money Museum, "the only privately owned money museum in the world." For a while, the feature of the museum was the Irving M. Moskovitz Collection. Moskovitz, a Detroit plumbing contractor, had amassed an impressive coin collection in a relatively short time, and in an even shorter time much of it was stolen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Criswell's Money Museum. With or without the Irving M. Moskovitz Collection, the museum didn't draw as many people as Criswell had hoped. Some attractions people believe that money is too specialized to be a successful attraction. Even attractions that have a more general appeal tend to add a small zoo or some wax figures or a few talking birds, just to be on the safe side. In 1966, Grover Criswell closed his museum and returned to buying and selling money full time—reducing the membership of the Pinellas Attractions Association to five and leaving the world without a privately owned money museum.

London Wax Museum

THE London Wax Museum in St. Petersburg Beach is "from Josephine Tussaud of England," by way of a franchising company in Vancouver, British Columbia. Ten other wax museums are from Josephine Tussaud—not including the original Madame Tussaud's, with which Josephine Tussaud is not connected. The franchise holder who established the St. Petersburg Beach museum, a Canadian named T. Alec Rigby, later set up a franchising organization for Ripley's Believe It or Not, and eventually bought Ripley's itself—paperback-book series, cannibal forks, and all. The real-estate man who sold Rigby the St. Petersburg Beach property, Ted Stambaugh, now not only manages the London Wax Museum but travels around for Ripley's looking for places where a profitable number of people might enjoy seeing a shoe made from fourteen hundred common toothpicks or a necklace created from seaweed and polar-bear fur.

The two franchises seemed intertwined in a section of the London Wax Museum called the Chamber of Horrors, which includes the kind of torture-instrument display associated with Ripley's in addition to a selection of assassinations and torture methods depicted in wax. "Whether we like it or not, our chronicle is scarred with man's inhumanity to man, with villains and murderers," the guidebook says. "And it is the business of a Wax Museum to depict life in all its many aspects." Ivan the Terrible is shown murdering his son, and Bruno Richard Hauptmann, the Lindbergh kidnapper, sits quietly in an electric chair that lights up and buzzes when a customer approaches the exhibit. About the only people in the Chamber of Horrors who are not shown in acts of horrifying violence are Nikita Khrushchev and Fidel Castro, who stand smiling at each other between a display of an Indian scalping and one of a torture instrument called the Algerian Hook. The sign says, "We believe these two belong here in the Chamber of Horrors with their compatriots. . . . Agreed?"

Last year, a nursing-home operator and his chosen were married in the Chamber of Horrors. Ted Stambaugh took the Frankenstein Monster, the Werewolf, and Ivan the Terrible out of their displays, furnished each with a boutonnière, and placed them around the bride and groom to form a wedding party. The happy couple said later that they had wanted a wedding that was "a little different from the run of the mill." A trade magazine of the amusement industry ran a picture of the ceremony, accompanied by a caption saying that, amazingly enough, holding the wedding in the Chamber of Horrors had not even been Stambaugh's idea. It was the suggestion of the best man. Believe it or not.

Tiki Gardens

WHEN Frank Byars' gift shop burned down, in 1963, he decided to rebuild as an attraction. "Attractions get a lot of free P.R.," he says. Looking around the state to see what already existed, he decided that a Tiki Gardens would be appropriate. "The tiki stuff—tiki jewelry and all—was going great guns then," he recalled recently. "We were riding the crest of this South Sea Island business." Along a path following a channel that comes into his property, Byars created a Polynesian Adventure Trail, complete with wandering peacocks, jungle plants, monkey cages, and huge statues of Polynesian gods. Creating huge statues of Polynesian gods might have seemed difficult to some people in Indian Rocks Beach, Florida, who had never been to Polynesia, but Byars says it wasn't much of a problem. He and his wife merely modelled the statues on the tiki jewelry and carvings they had been selling in the gift shop—particularly a series called Legends in Lava by Coco Joe. Byars says Coco Joe is a good researcher. The largest tiki in the garden—a Hawaiian war god—was copied from a bookend. Byars charges a dollar and a quarter to go into the garden. But there is absolutely no charge for entering any of the eight gift shops or Trader Frank's restaurant or the Wiki-Wiki Lounge.

Byars is an ebullient man of sixty, who favors the flowered sports coats featured in his Papa-tiki shop and has the informal manner of an old-time travelling salesman. In a field in which peo-

The firm hands of Arnold Palmer.

The Arnold Palmer Golf Academy at Stratton Mountain, Vt., is extensive study, development, and application of the Palmer method. For boys 11 to 17.
But it's something more.
The coupon, filled out, will bring interested sponsors an illustrated brochure and complete information for Summer '71.

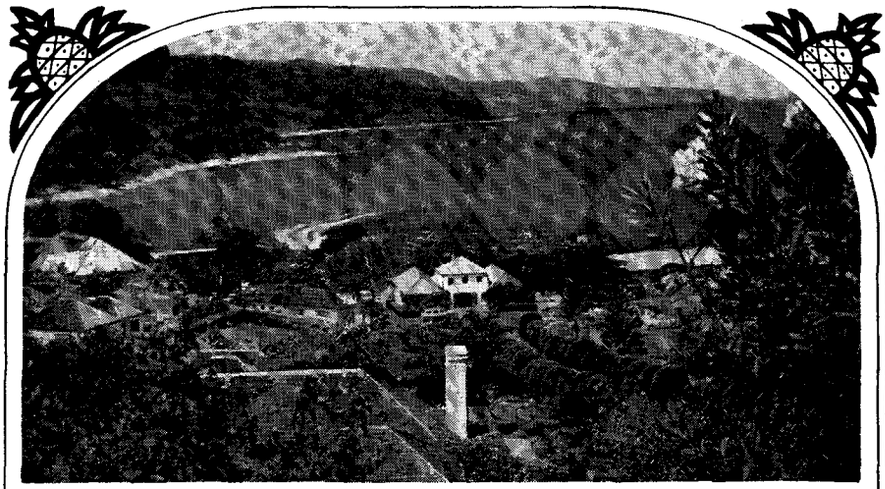
Arnold Palmer Golf Academy NY2
Stratton Mountain, Vermont 05155
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Arnold Palmer Golf Academy STRATTON

GOURMET HERB GARDEN

For Gardeners and Good Cooks Alike. Start your fresh Herb Garden with a seed starter kit. Includes 24 Jiffy Peat Pots. Jiffy-Mix planting medium, plastic growing trays, seed germinating bags, 8 varieties of herb seeds including Dill, Parsley, Chives, Oregano, Basil, Marjoram, Thyme, Sage.
$5.95 per kit. Three kits $16.50.
12 kits $65.00. All prices postpaid.
PAPRIKAS WEISS IMPORTER Dept. NYI-2.
1546 Second Avenue New York, N.Y. 10028

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining... and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You'll wish you discovered us sooner.

You'll find us on the perfect peninsula. Surrounded by purple mountains and the turquoise sea. Our landscaped gardens are filled with exotic tropical flowers and shrubs. Our beach is soft and white and beautiful. And the atmosphere is friendly and informal.

Whether you stay in a suite by the sea or a cottage along the hillside, you'll love the peace and privacy mixed with the carefree fun of the island. Our gourmet Continental cuisine is spiced with exotic Jamaican specialties. And our world of sports includes everything from tennis and sailing to water skiing and spear fishing. Nearby golf.

Possibly, we're Jamaica's finest resort. We try to be. One visit will show you.

See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. (212) 586-4500.

Round Hill
Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Washington, Miami and Toronto.

THE HOTEL
Dorset
A Place To Talk While You Lunch

Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.

Jules Podell presents
THE FRIENDS OF DISTINCTION
AARON WILLIAMS AND FREDDIE
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY AT 8 P.M. AND 12
3 SHOWS SATURDAY
8 P.M., 11 P.M. AND 2 A.M.
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

FISKARS
utility scissors

Featherweight, precision stainless steel blades from Finland with anatomically shaped finger grips. $6. postpaid.

Finland Design, Inc.
816 Lancaster Ave.
Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010
Home of marimekko in the Delaware Valley

For Art...
"SANDRO BOTTICELLI"
For Dining...
"CAFE RENAISSANCE"
MANHATTAN

The finest ice in the Grenadines

The perfect hideaway resort hotel, a 113-acre private island, south of St. Vincent, north of Grenada. Charter cruise yachtsmen make a beeline here for . . . the finest ice in the Grenadines.

For reservations, see your Travel Agent, or call our New York office: (212) 986-4373. Petit St. Vincent Resort

ple are fond of talking about the historical authenticity and educational value of their attractions, he is candid about Tiki Gardens' being mainly a vehicle for gift-shop business, and he is likely to refer to the Educational Attractions Pass, sponsored by the Pinellas Attractions Association, as "a gimmick we got up for the school kids." As a member of the Governor's Commission on Tourism, he has often appeared at the ceremonial announcements that are constantly being made in connection with the building of Disney World, which is scheduled to be opened in Florida next year—a project Byars customarily refers to as "the greatest P.R. job since Christ was born." Disney World, Byars believes, is going to "separate the men from the boys in the attractions business"—drawing more people to Florida but presenting them with an awesome attraction that might make less ambitious efforts seem not worth the price of admission. Byars appears confident. His real attraction, after all, is what one of his brochures has called "truly a phantasmagoria of shoppers' delight."

In a thoughtful mood recently, while having a drink at the Wiki-Wiki Lounge, Byars said to a visitor, "You know what I'd do if I was a young man?"

The visitor didn't know.

"I'd go to some island," Byars said. "Oh, I'd let Rockefellers or Hilton do the research on which island. And I'd start me an attraction. Something with the native culture. Something real authentic." —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Neither Harding nor Caldwell lost so much as a pound of weight during their protracted and arduous climb.

Thompson said the men were in good spirits and in good physical condition when they reached the top.

"It was a major accomplishment in the annals of dropping a tin can containing a message.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Gee!

•

The political, economic and general-nuisance forces at work that threaten to reduce this nation to fourth-rate status in aviation and space, both militarily and commercially, appear to be gathering strength month after month while U.S. aerospace leadership sits on its hands and fiddles as Rome burns.—*Flight Magazine.*

You hold the bow in your mouth and do the fingering with your toes. Nothing to it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSICAL EVENTS

Northern Star

OWING to the recent defection in London of the Soviet dancer Natalia Makarova, the American Ballet Theatre has acquired a splendid new ballerina. Miss Makarova was presented to the New York public in "Giselle" last Tuesday night at the New York City Center, and immediately met with a rapturous welcome. She is a small, fragile-looking blonde, with the refinement of technique peculiar to the Kirov company from which she comes. In matters of elevation and point work she is a brilliant dancer, and her Giselle is utterly charming, with an air of vulnerability that is wholly appropriate to the role. If her "mad scene" at the end of Act I lacked some of the drama that it can have (and this may well have been due to the nervousness attending a début), she made up for any such shortcoming in her second act, which was danced with ethereal grace. I prefer her thoughtful version of this role to the extroverted one of Dame Margot Fonteyn, which I have never liked, superb dancer though she is. In comparing Miss Makarova with great Giselles of the past, I found her just a bit deficient in the powerful dramatic intensity that Dame Alicia Markova and Alicia Alonso brought to the role. But such comparisons are with peak performances that occur only occasionally in a lifetime. Miss Makarova is a fine exponent of Giselle, and her début marks the start of what I hope will be a long and successful American career.

The company seemed to be in excellent shape, with the corps de ballet accurate and unanimous, and the dancing of the lesser roles in capable hands. Miss Makarova's partner was Ivan Nagy, a dancer who has grown before our eyes into a heroic *danseur noble*—masculine in gesture, elegant in demeanor, and technically dashing. John Prinz made an effective Wilfred, and Diana Weber and Terry Orr did the first-act pas de deux admirably. I might also note that Akira Endo, the conductor, showed both authority and a sensitive degree of elasticity in handling the musical score.

IF Roger Sessions wrote music as beautiful as his writing *about* music, he would be a great composer indeed. He has just published a book, "Questions About Music" (Harvard), that for clarity of expression is about as fine a product as one could imagine. The book is concerned with the aesthetics of music, the roles of the composer and the performer, the proper attitude of audiences, and the criteria for judging the art. It was not until I was more than halfway through this volume that I found statements I began to disagree with. Sessions—I think quite properly—deplores the idea of historical determinism in art but neglects to record that the invention of the twelve-tone system (his own favorite method of composition) was postulated on just such a deterministic idea. (Schoenberg decided that after the first highly chromatic chord in "Tristan und Isolde" there was no other place for music to go.) Sessions refers to something he calls "the willing ear" as the ideal attitude on the part of audiences. I would prefer "the willing mind," for I think that the appeal of important music goes far beyond mere auditory perception. "The willing ear," he says, "hopes to find *novelty*." (His italics.) In this statement, I think, he is stepping into a fashionable area, where the technique used by a composer is regarded as an end in itself—for "novelty" means technical novelty. Here I find myself in complete disagreement. What the willing ear, or the willing mind, hopes to find is a mystical experience. I use the word "mystical" advisedly, according to its philosophical meaning, as designating that which is beyond reason. All the great music of the past has, in this sense, a mystical content—that of Bach the mysticism of the Lutheran Church, that of Beethoven the mysticism of nature and humanism, that of Wagner the mysticism of the Nordic myths, and so on. It is only since man's feeling for the marvellous, the magical, and the awesome disappeared under the attacks of modern rationalism that music has begun to be thought of as purely a matter of technique. Even Mr. Sessions makes reference here and there to the "force" or "substance" of music, which he thinks is identical with form, or technique. But this identification is simply not tenable. Beethoven was not a greater composer than Hugo Weisgall, say, because he had more, or better, technique or form. He was greater because of the lofty cosmic vision that his music expresses—and that was because Beethoven not only was a genius capable of having such a lofty cosmic vision but lived in a time when such a vision was possible. I regret that such a vision—or a vision of comparable inspirational force—is not available to today's composers, and that therefore they regard their art as a matter of putting notes together rather than shaking their listeners' minds into a new view of reality. But, with a few minor exceptions, this seems to be the case. Technique, or form, pursued for its own sake merely results in pollution of the musical environment. Someday, I hope, things will be different.

ANOTHER composer, Ned Rorem, whose music I like much better than I do Mr. Sessions', has also published a book—this one called "Critical Affairs: A Composer's Journal" (Braziller). Mr. Rorem's book has no such philosophical theme as has Mr. Sessions'. It is a random collection of notes about everything under the sun, from chic social life in Paris at the time of the late Comtesse Jean de Polignac to Elvis Presley and that awful, corny French movie "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," which Mr. Rorem happens to admire. He hates rock, Muzak, and Berlioz, whom he considers bombastic. Sometimes he is mildly witty, as in "I look forward eagerly to all Warhol's new works. But I never go see them," and in one reference describing Mae West and Marlene Dietrich as impersonators of female impersonators. He admits that his style in song composing is French, and makes an eloquent defense of the French feeling for words connected with music. At the same time, he very nearly agrees with H. L. Mencken's famous statement "The trouble with French music is that it is really all popular music." Rorem, in a double-barrelled attack on his contemporaries, writes, "Music still qualifies, more than ever, both with our intelligentsia and with our youth (who are by definition not the intelligentsia) on one of two grounds: either it is so immediate it must be good, or it is so circumlocuted it must be good. The simplicity of the Rolling Stones' message exemplifies the first criterion, the complication of Milton Babbitt exemplifies the second. In neither case does the music's expressive content (what used to be called beauty) seem a prerequisite. Qualifications are: total craftsmanship, or total lack of craftsmanship." I have found Mr. Rorem's mixture of wry observation and chitchat

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.
INTRODUCING
An Elegant Hotel in the Grand Tradition
NOW ON EMBASSY ROW
IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL.
New York Call: (212) 725-9081 • Chicago Call: (312) 372-9240
Los Angeles Call: (213) 485-1233 • San Francisco Call: (415) 781-8676
The Embassy Row Hotel
2015 Massachusetts Avenue NW
Washington, D. C. 20036
(202) 265-1600
A Treadway Inn

The Castilian
Finest for Spanish Foods
LUNCH · DINNER · LATE SUPPER
OPEN 7 DAYS 12 to 1 AM
303 East 56th St., N.Y.C.
(Corner 2nd Avenue)
Tel. 688-6435

Steaks renowned 'round the world . . . the choice of discerning gourmets
Bruno's Pen and Pencil Restaurant

John C. Bruno
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities
IN THE HEART OF B'WAY AND THEATRE DISTRICT
200 W. 44 ST. • 524-4707
• IMPERIAL, 935 LEX. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
• GOURMET, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
• EAST, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
FLUSHING • SUNNYSIDE
QUEENS (ELMHURST)

GIVE TO UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY
C P

Parisienne & French Provincial Cuisine Par Excellence
Le Chateau Richelieu
48 East 52nd St. Res. PL 1-6565
Owner-Host: Peter Robotti

fairly amusing, and, needless to say, I am in complete agreement with his point of view.

MANY more books have accumulated on my desk awaiting review. Some will have to be put over until next week. But among the most impressive is "Beethoven," by the eminent musicologist H. C. Robbins Landon (Macmillan)—one of those gala commemorative volumes that cost a lot of money (twenty-five dollars in this case) but are worth it. It consists mostly of documents and pictures—many of them very unusual, and in color—concerning the Master's life and circumstances. Many of the documents are touching, some because of Beethoven's well-known *gaucherie*, and the illustrations are magnificent. Highly recommended.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "This Compost," by Walt Whitman, 1856*]

What chemistry!
That the winds are really not infectious,
That this is no cheat, this transparent green-wash of the sea which is so amorous after me,
That it is safe to allow it to lick my naked body all over with its tongues,
That it will not endanger me with the fevers that have deposited themselves in it,
That all is clean forever and forever,
That the cool drink from the well tastes so good,
That blackberries are so flavorous and juicy,
That the fruits of the apple-orchard and the orange-orchard, that melons, grapes, peaches, plums, will none of them poison me,
That when I recline on the grass, I do not catch any disease,
Though probably every spear of grass rises out of what was once a catching disease.

Now I am terrified at the Earth, it is that calm and patient,
It grows such sweet things out of such corruptions. . . .

•

It has been learned here that Mrs. Margaret Roper of Kinston, N.C., who resigned her forthcoming position here as manager of Link Hills Country Club because of a marriage proposal, is to marry the son of a former Greenevillian. Her fiance is Tom Galbreath, Jr., the son of Tom Galbreath, Sr., now of Kinston, who is the son of the late Witt Galbreath, owner and operator of Galbreath Coal Company in Greeneville for many years. Mr. Galbreath is a bachelor.

—*Greeneville (Tenn.) Sun.*

Gets the thing off to a good start.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

An Effort at Self-Revelation

IT is almost impossible to describe the new posthumous Hemingway book, "Islands in the Stream" (Scribners), from the point of view of what happens in it without making it seem preposterous. It gives us Hemingway as a concoctor of self-inflating fantasies at his most exhibitionistic. You have him in his Cuban residence, very thinly disguised as a painter, one Thomas Hudson, showing his sons how things ought to be done and how to behave like men (his younger brother Leicester has explained how Ernest liked to instruct him); you have him in his favorite bars, where he can bully his hangers-on, subjecting them to his sarcasm and otherwise putting them down, and as captain of his own boat, maintaining a good-natured but effective discipline among a gallant crew that adores him. All this time, he is being brought drinks by his servants, by the waiters, or by the members of his crew. One of the last, who drinks too much, is wisely and firmly checked, and in a moment of equally firm self-discipline Hudson makes the dramatic gesture of throwing "high over the side" and letting "the wind take it astern" a glass of "gin and coconut water with Angostura and lime." In his relations with other people he is always on top, always the acknowledged "champion" that Hemingway aspired to be in his writing when he boasted that he was "trying to knock Mr. Shakespeare on his —." (I am sorry, in the interests of decorum, to be obliged to leave blanks in my quotations from Hemingway.) The most outrageous departure from plausibility, which is also the weakest of the episodes, occurs when Hudson's first wife, long divorced and now a singer entertaining the troops, makes a point of looking Hudson up and eagerly goes to bed with him. This woman is not in any way recognizable as Hemingway's first wife but all too recognizable as a well-known friend of Hemingway's. But why, one asks, if these two characters in the novel can enjoy such passionate love, did they ever separate? They are agreed not to talk about the past; they acknowledge that they were both to blame. But why can they not be reunited? Nothing is ever explained.

IT has always surprised me that the more or less imaginary Hemingway, the myth about himself that he managed to create by the self-dramatization of his extensive publicity and, in his fiction, by the exploits of some of his heroes, should have imposed on the public to the extent it did. The grumbling or bristling reaction on the part of certain reviewers to Mr. Carlos Baker's biography, which took account of the petty and cruel and ridiculous aspects of his subject, makes it plain that the ideal Hemingway was a living reality to many of his admirers. It is true that he was capable of courage, that he was capable of doing certain things very well. But actually, from the beginning, it was not merely the exploits of his heroes, athletic or sporting or military, that made his best stories compelling; it was the strain they conveyed of men on the edge of going to pieces, who are just hanging on by their teeth and just managing to maintain their sanity, or of men who know they are doomed to inexorable defeat or death. The real heroism of these characters is their fortitude against such ordeals or the honor they manage to salvage from ignominy, humiliation. It is this kind of theme in Hemingway that makes his stories exciting and stimulating. Will the hero last? How long will he last?

Now, with all its preposterous elements, this imperfect work, "Islands in the Stream," makes one feel the intensity of a crucial game played against invincible odds as one has not quite been able to do in connection with any of his last three finished novels—"For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Across the River and Into the Trees," "The Old Man and the Sea." It has never been pulled tight or polished, as Hemingway would undoubtedly have done, for his sense of form was exacting. Everything goes on too long, even the most effective episodes: the boy's struggle with the monstrous swordfish—which he loses; the hunt for the Germans among the reefs at the time of the Second War—which results in Hudson's being shot by them. The barroom conversations are allowed to run on to a length that has no real point and in the course of which our interest slackens. These would all—if Hemingway had taken time to treat them with his characteristic technique—have surely been condensed to far fewer pages. That he knew well how much work there was still to be done is made clear by Mr. Baker's quotations from his letters to Charles Scribner. "The Old Man and the Sea" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls" are more satisfactory from the

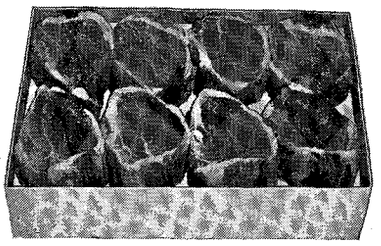
"I hereby resolve that this year I'm going to reach out to people."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Steak to have an Affair With!

It's delicious. You couldn't stop if you wanted to. Your first taste—a Pfaelzer steak—you knew this was it. Pfaelzer luxury is the kind you owe yourself often. Someone told you they were only served in elegant clubs and restaurants. They were right in a way. You can't buy them in any retail market. But you can order them by mail . . . fast-frozen, packed in dry ice for guaranteed perfect arrival. Pfaelzer steaks . . . flavorful, flawless, aged to perfection. Your first Pfaelzer will mark the start of a very tender affair.

Box of 16
6-oz. each 1¼" thick #30405 $37
Shipped Prepaid



pfaelzer BROTHERS
(pronounced FELZER)
Dept. YA-1, 4501 W. District Blvd.
Chicago, Illinois 60632

Marlborough GRAPHICS

Our own original, limited and signed editions by such leading European and American artists as Gottlieb, Hepworth, Kitaj, Kokoschka, Lipchitz, Moore, Motherwell, Nicholson, Pollock, Pomodoro, Rivers and Sutherland. Many others. From $70 to $7000.

For illustrated catalogue—
$2 (Incl. Postage)—address:

Marlborough Graphics Inc
41 East 57th Street New York 10022
PL 2-5353

Visit the Marlborough Graphics Gallery on the fifth floor.

This ad is for a hotel that remembers it's in...

JAMAICA

Slow-paced, idyllic. Incredibly thoughtful Jamaican service. Silver Seas is the real Jamaica. More like a private club than a hotel. See your travel agent. Or write RR Hotel Representatives, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York 10036. Ask for the real Jamaica.

Silver Seas Hotel. Ocho Rios.

point of view of form, yet they seem to me a good deal less interesting than "Islands in the Stream."

They are less interesting because only here is Hemingway making an effort to deal candidly with the discords of his own personality—his fears, which he has tried to suppress, his mistakes, which he has tried to justify, the pangs of bad conscience, which he has brazened out. This effort is not entirely successful; hence, I imagine, his putting the manuscript away. You are never allowed to know exactly what has happened in Thomas Hudson's past. He is always admonishing himself that he must not allow himself to think about it, so in order to avoid this he orders a drink. The reader clearly sees the drink but not the memory that is being stifled. One is made to feel acutely, however, an ever-present moral malaise. The painful gnawing, amid jolly scenes of drinking, in affluence and beautiful weather, is perhaps more insistently here made to ache than in any of Hemingway's other books since "The Sun Also Rises." There is something more than needlings of conscience; there is that certainty of the imminent death that has threatened in so much of his writing. And the book is given special force and dignity by one's knowledge of the writer's suicide. He invents for his own family, as they figure in the story, deaths that did not actually occur. Two of Hudson's sons are killed in a motor accident, and a third is killed in the war, whereas in reality, though Hemingway's boys were involved in a motor accident, they were not fatally injured, and one who had served in the war and disappeared for a time turned out to have been only taken prisoner. Hemingway himself was not shot by a German, like his hero in "Islands in the Stream." He did not even ever come to grips with the enemy—though he had formerly suffered injuries so frequent that they seem almost to have been self-inflicted—in his one-man campaign against submarines. He died in retirement, by his own hand. It was the dread, the pressure, the need for death, the looming shadow, no doubt, of the memory of his father's suicide, that drove him so determinedly to meet it.

THIS book contains some of the best of Hemingway's descriptions of nature: the waves breaking white and green on the reef off the coast of Cuba; the beauty of the morning on the deep water; the hermit crabs and land crabs and ghost crabs; a big barracuda stalking mullet; a heron flying with his white wings over the green water; the ibis and flamingoes and spoonbills, the last of these beautiful with the sharp rose of their color; the mosquitoes in clouds from the marshes; the water that curled and blew under the lash of the wind; the sculpture that the wind and sand had made of a piece of driftwood, gray and sanded and embedded in white, floury sand. But to bunch in this way together these phrases of the section called "At Sea" is to deprive them of the atmosphere of large space and free air and light, of the sun and rain on the water, in which the writer makes us see them, and to see them always in relation to the techniques of fishing and navigation. Though the whole thing centers on Hudson and though Hudson is kept always in the foreground, there is a certain amount of characterization of his family and friends and retinue—especially in the case of the boys, with whom Hemingway can come closest to identifying himself. The ability to characterize with any real insight has never been Hemingway's gift. Of the surface of personalities he has always been very observant, and of voices and ways of talking he is a most successful mimic. In his book of reminiscences of Paris, he reproduces for one who has known them the hoarse British gasps of Ford Madox Ford, the exasperating nonsense of Scott Fitzgerald so faithfully that one can hear them speaking, and one can also hear the tones and turns of speech of persons one has never known. But one is made aware, particularly in "A Moveable Feast," whose characters are real people, how little their friend—or companion—could actually have known about them: what was going on in their minds, what they were aiming at, what they were up to. And his judgments were almost always disparaging. He wanted to make everyone else look ridiculous or morally reprehensible. It was only Ezra Pound who escaped—rather surprisingly, since Pound had once been useful to Hemingway, and it was usually to the people who had helped him or to whom he owed something in a literary way that he was afterward to make a point of being insulting. But in "Islands in the Stream" he allows himself little scope for malignity. He is able to be fond of most of his characters, since they all respect and obey Thomas Hudson, are glad to be molded or guided by him. " 'Tommy,' " says his second in command, when Hudson is dying, " 'I love you, you son of a bitch, and don't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

die.' Thomas Hudson looked at him without moving his head. 'Try and understand if it isn't too hard.'. . . 'I think I understand, Willie,' he said. 'Oh —,' Willie said. 'You never understand anybody that loves you.'" This is sentimental and "self-serving," but it does show, perhaps, on Hemingway's part an attempt to take account of his non-comprehension of other people.

The mimicry of himself by Hemingway has also been mainly on the surface; the malaise itself has been kept there—sometimes, as in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," without any indication of what it is that is troubling the character. We are not even, as in "Big Two-Hearted River," told explicitly that there is any cause for disquiet, yet this idyll, which is simply an account of a solitary fishing expedition, is related to something in the background that is never even referred to, which makes the fisherman concentrate with special attention on every baiting of the hook, every catch, every cooking of the fish in the open air. That something, as Hemingway was later to explain, was the young man's experience of the war. Now, in "Islands in the Stream," the experiences that have been pushed down out of sight are continually rising into consciousness; but not even here, as I have already said, are we told exactly what they are. In order to keep them out of his consciousness, Thomas Hudson takes another drink or plunges on into his program of action. Yet in spite of this the mythical figure of Hemingway is constantly breaking down, becoming demoralized by the memory of past betrayals of women who have trusted and loved him, betrayals of his heroic idea of himself. The situation is made truly tragic by the fact that the mythical Hemingway did have a certain basis in reality. After all, he did not always fail or make a fool of himself, though he needed, I think, an audience, if of only one, to appreciate and applaud him. His triumphs were partly actual and were of a kind that, for his larger audience, seemed to satisfy two typical American ambitions: that of becoming an accomplished outdoorsman and that of making a great deal of money. What had been lost was a part of an ideal self that had partly been realized.

I DO not agree with those who have thought it a disservice to Hemingway's memory to publish this uncompleted book. Nor do I agree with those who, possessed by the academic mania of exactly reproducing texts, declare

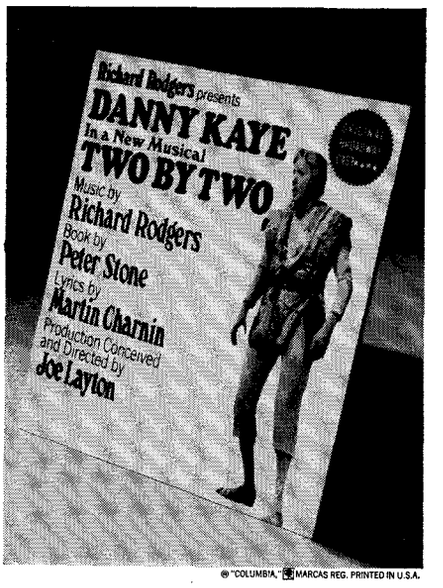
"'Two By Two' is a musical to be loved, to be cherished."
–John Chapman, N. Y. Daily News

He went on to say, "There is a magnificent portrayal of Noah by Danny Kaye which goes deep into one's heart."

"Richard Rodgers can still write a ballad better than anyone around...it is Mr. Kaye's show... a continual and continuous delight...the man's energy is amazing." –Clive Barnes, The New York Times

"One of Richard Rodgers' finest musicals. Danny Kaye is merely magnificent in a show for anyone, rich in comedy, full of melody and that rare ingredient–heart. Among the songs, there are at least eight which ripple with that infectious magic which Richard Rodgers has been dispensing for a half century." –William Glover, A P

On Columbia Records and Tapes.



® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD BEST MUSICAL 1970

COMPANY

"A TRULY SENSATIONAL MUSICAL."
—Gaver, UPI

ALVIN THEATRE
252 W. 52nd Street
New York, N.Y.
PL 7-8646

Mon.-Thurs. Evgs.: Orch .$12; Boxes & Mezz. $10; Rear Mezz. $8.50, 7, 6, 4, 2. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $15, 12; Boxes & Mezz. $11. Rear Mezz. $10, 8.50, 6.50, 4, 2. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $7.50; Boxes & Mezz. $6.50; Rear Mezz. $5.50, 4.50, 3, 2. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $9; Boxes & Mezz. $8; Rear Mezz. $7, 6, 3, 2.

BEST MUSICAL 1970
TONY AWARD WINNER

LAUREN BACALL
BEST ACTRESS — Tony Award Winner
IN
"APPLAUSE"
A NEW MUSICAL

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

PRICES: IN ORDER TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT, PLEASE DO NOT LIST A SPECIFIC DATE. INSTEAD, SPECIFY A DAY OF THE WEEK. BE SURE AND LIST TWO ALTERNATE DAYS OF THE WEEK. Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. $12; Dress Circle $12; Mezz. $10; Rear Mezz. $8, 7, 6, 5, 4. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $15; Dress Circle $15; Mezz. $12; Rear Mezz. $9, 8, 7, 6, 5. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $8; Dress Circle $8; Mezz. $6; Rear Mezz. $5, 4. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $9; Dress Circle $9; Mezz. $7; Rear Mezz. $6 & 5.

PALACE THEATRE
Broadway at 47th Street, N.Y.C. 10036

People In Trouble
Need Your
UNITED GIFT
If you don't do it,
It won't get done

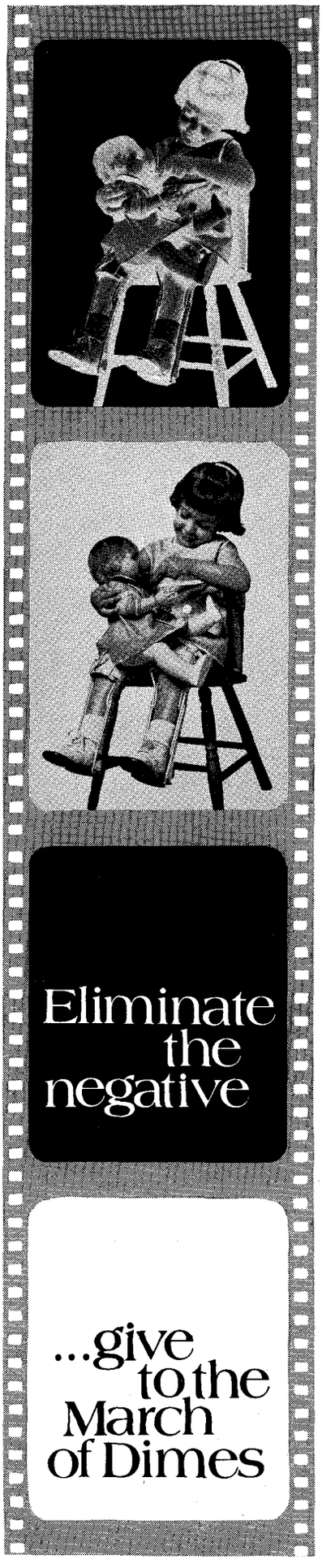
"QUITE WONDERFUL! A RATTLING GOOD PLAY"
—CLIVE BARNES, N. Y. Times

CONDUCT UNBECOMING

Mail Orders Filled. Mon.-Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $8.50; Mezz. $7, 6, 5, 4. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9; Mezz. $8, 7, 6, 5. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $7; Mezz. $6, 5, 4, 3. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $6.50, 5.50, 4.50, 3.50.

ETHEL BARRYMORE 243 W. 47 St. 246-0390

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

that Mrs. Hemingway and the publisher should have printed the manuscript as Hemingway left it, without making the cuts she explains. The author is not to be charged with the defects of manuscripts which he did not choose to publish and for which he can now take no responsibility, nor his editors with making those works more coherent if the editing has been done with good judgment. I imagine that this book, in the long run, will appear to be more important than seems to be the case at present, and I believe that Mrs. Hemingway is to be encouraged to go on to publish further manuscripts.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

A PART OF MYSELF: PORTRAIT OF AN EPOCH, by Carl Zuckmayer, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The author is a Rhenish playwright ("The Captain of Koepenick") and scenarist ("The Blue Angel") who, after four years of combat in the First World War and a period of professional struggle, won his European reputation in the late nineteen-twenties. Mr. Zuckmayer did not like the Nazis, and vice versa, so when they came to power he moved to Austria; later he had to flee again. In 1941, he fetched up in Vermont, where he farmed for a living until the Second World War ended; then he went back to Europe. Are these memoirs—of homes, things, and people lost—sorrowful? Not a bit. They sparkle. Mr. Zuckmayer has a talent for happiness, for finding friends and fun wherever he goes. He recalls his life with vivacity and charm and a responsiveness to people and places that are irresistible. A peasant party or a celebrity-packed gala, the author's grandmother or Chaliapin—everything and everybody are seen and described with beguiling freshness.

MY FATHER: JOSEPH CONRAD, by Borys Conrad (Coward-McCann). A domestic portrait of the artist, seen successively from the playpen, from his lap, from an inconspicuous corner, from the passenger's seat in a one-cylinder Cadillac, and on through adolescence and early maturity. The author (a retired automotive engineer) was the affectionate son of an affectionate father, and this is an affectionate and warming book. It is crowded with celebrated names—H. G. Wells (who lunched on two aspirin tablets and a glass of milk), John Galsworthy, Henry James, Stephen Crane, Hugh Walpole, R. B. Cunningham-Grahame (who taught Borys to ride and shoot), and G. F. W. Hope (who invented a drink composed of soda water and Worcestershire sauce). But J.C. (as his son usually calls him) is seldom out of focus—a chain cigarette smoker with a glass of tea with lemon always at his side, a man with a hair-trigger agitation over trifles and a quarterdeck calm in crisis, whose wife (a patient woman who endured a lifetime of slammed doors and pounded tables) called him Boy and always referred to him as Conrad, and whose son typically remembers: "There would sometimes be eight or ten guests at the luncheon table, some of them Polish or French, and I was always fascinated by J.C.'s ability to carry on a brilliant conversation in three languages without interfering with his enjoyment of the meal, and still find time to 'damn' his manservant." Photographs.

THE GOLDEN AGE; A CLIMATE FOR GREATNESS: VIRGINIA, 1732-75, by Clifford Dowdey (Little, Brown). The author picks up his story where he left it at the end of "The Virginia Dynasties." The acquisitive founders of the First Families have died, and their heirs—for the most part wholly retired from commerce—build big houses and devote their leisure to politics. Virginia's inheritors are less astute and more splashy than their fathers; hence they often run into financial difficulties, for which they blame English merchants or English government policies rather than themselves. Mr. Dowdey is no retroactive supporter of George III, but he does think that most of the planters could have managed their business affairs much better. In any event, their assumption that they were entitled to have everything their own way because, in their lifetimes, they were used to nothing else made rich Virginians rebels by 1775. As Mr. Dowdey tells who married whom and how they spent their money, he is describing a way of life eminently satisfactory to those who led it but, as he notes, one based on injustices and deficiencies—slavery, class stratification, artistic or intellectual narrowness. Some of Virginia's leaders perceived these drawbacks, but none could think of a cure. Nevertheless,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Dowdey maintains this much for pre-Revolutionary Virginia: it trained some Virginians for political leadership in post-Revolutionary United States.

THE FRYING-PAN: A PRISON AND ITS PRISONERS, by Tony Parker (Basic Books). The author took a tape recorder to Grendon Underwood, a new and still experimental prison in England, to create a speaking portrait of what is, at the moment, a peculiar institution. Grendon's population is made up of convicts from other prisons, and its approach to them, through group therapy and individual counselling, is therapeutic, not punitive. Not everybody at Grendon sympathizes with its work; old-fashioned warders and old-fashioned prisoners consider it a joke or a fraud. On the other hand, prisoners affected by their experience at Grendon are often pathetically bewildered as they begin to face who they have been, and to wonder if when they are freed they will be able to become another kind of person. As the prisoners talk, the reader may be discouraged by how much pathology exists at the bottom of society; very few of these men—wicked as their deeds have been—seem wicked. Most were waifs (frequently illegitimate children) who have remained waifs, lacking confidence in themselves or in anybody else. Sad as the work is, it is utterly engrossing; it may also be of practical use to Americans concerned with penology.

1919: RED MIRAGE, by David Mitchell (Macmillan). This book is concerned with the wave of rebellion that washed over the Western world in the aftermath of the First World War, and the savage repression that followed. With the world wasted by economic upset, famine, and death, reformers, idealists, and humanists of every color and persuasion—as well as anarchists, Communists, and professional revolutionaries—saw a chance of upsetting the old capitalist-imperialist order once and for all and trying something new. Mr. Mitchell follows the fortunes of the various revolutionary movements in Europe and in America, and seeks to measure the degree of damage done to political liberalism and progressive idealism by the brutal reaction that restored, in almost all the nations affected, a kind of *status quo ante*. In so doing, he is mindful of the parallels to our own day, some of which are startling and disturb-

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $12.00

☐ Two Years (104 issues) $20.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00; Other Foreign $4.00 per year

Your Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name

☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read: "From _____"

☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read: "From _____"

☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read: "From _____"

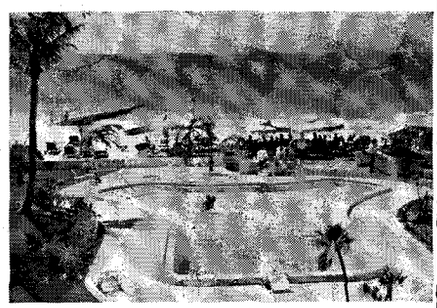
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $_____ to cover _____ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come join the fun at the Lido Biltmore



Smart, sophisticated, swinging... Lido Biltmore is where you can join with the "fun people" for a memorable time. Swim in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, loll on private white sand beach, sunbathe and socialize by sparkling pool. Enjoy all water sports, plus great golf on 18-hole course. Exciting entertainment. The very best in cuisine, service, hospitality and accommodations. So come, join in the fun.

THE Lido Biltmore CLUB
LIDO BEACH, SARASOTA, FLORIDA
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.
For rates, reservations, color folder, see travel agent or call our N.Y. Reservation Office. 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (212) 581-6595.

The Pierre
Is a World of its own
Welcome.
5TH AVE. & 61 ST. • N.Y.C. • 212-838-8000

DARIEN—FOR SALE

Charming, substantially-built one-story home on 3 acre bird and wildlife sanctuary, at dead end of street. 5 minutes to station. Stone walls, lawn, woods and ponds. Entire property flood-lighted. L/R 28 x 20 with fieldstone fireplace, large master B/R with fireplace, 2 other bedrooms and 2 baths. Dining room, wet pantry, large modern kitchen (service porch). Terrace and two large screened porches. One room cabin near pond.

Tel. Owner for details—203-655-3845

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

ing. A thoughtful and sobering book. Photographs.

THE ANCIENT HISTORIANS, by Michael Grant (Scribners). An account of the writing of history from its Greek father, Herodotus, down to Eusebius of Caesarea (a Christian) and Ammianus (a pagan), both of whom wrote when the Roman Empire was beginning—though they did not know it—to fall apart. Mr. Grant has done a magnificent critical job. Though he is concise, he tells us all sorts of things we need or want to know, including how ancient historians earned their living, how their contemporaries assessed their veracity, and what excellences each man contributed to the historian's art. The ancient figures whose behavior perplexed or fascinated them—Alcibiades, say, or Catiline—fascinate us; Mr. Grant makes his readers want to read (or reread) his authors. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PICK UP STICKS, by Emma Lathen (Simon & Schuster). The scene here on display—and setting is important to the writer (or writers) known as Emma Lathen—is the northernmost stretch of the Appalachian Trail and the adjacent New Hampshire countryside. The hero is, as always, John Putnam Thatcher, the sixty-odd-year-old senior vice-president of the Sloan Guaranty Trust Company of New York, whose orderly mind and unbridled curiosity have long since brought him to eminence as an amateur detective in the classic mold. The problem, of course, is murder—the murder of one of a group of prospective customers drawn to a weekend gala at the site of a projected Fiord Haven: A New Concept in Country Living. Miss Lathen is in good form, and she relates this entertainment with the bright imperturbability ("Like most men, Henry did not welcome the view that he was too wholesome to comprehend the depravities which were an open book to his female companion") that is her special charm.

DUCA AND THE MILAN MURDERS, by Giorgio Scerbanenco, translated from the Italian by Eileen Ellenbogen (Walker). A ferocious story of drug trafficking and the evils that customarily attend it—murder, torture, suicide, insanity, and so on, back up the scale to gluttony, envy, sloth, prostitution, and swearing. The detective-commentator is Dr. Duca Lamberti, who has served a prison sentence for euthanasia, and the characters—all well, if hastily, drawn—include such fiends as Adele Terrini (the Whore) and Claudio (the Bull); such victims as Captain Anthony Paany, of the United States Army; and such heroes as a frightened but resolute restaurant waiter and a quiet American girl named Susanna. The time of telling is about 1965, but for the beginning of the story we have to go back to the days of the Second World War. The translation is very good.

CARAVAN TO VACCARES, by Alistair MacLean (Doubleday). Another of Mr. MacLean's timely thrillers for the young in mind. The action involves the capture of a band of Hungarian-Rumanian gypsies whose specialty is smuggling scientists out of the Soviet Union for duty in China, and the quality is as always. There is the humor borrowed from early P. G. Wodehouse ("'Oh!'... 'Well might you say "Oh!"'"), the esprit borrowed from the silent movies ("Le Grand Duc never apologizes twice"), and the 1914 Englishness ("He forced himself to look away, her beseeching face would have weakened the resolution of an angel and he had no reason to regard himself as such"), and delusion abounds (quicksand inexorably sucks its victims to a suffocating death, a little stain and a false mustache will disguise a man from his closest friends, and it is possible to punch a hole in the windshield of a Rolls-Royce with a fist). The scene is an operetta vision of southeastern France.

•

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18): Remain unruffled during the morning, and the rest of the day takes care of itself. The later hours provoke you to look ahead and drink big.—*Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger.*

Yeah, we've noticed that.

•

VANCOUVER, B. C.—(AP)—The Department of Transport has ruled that fog-dispersal aircraft at Vancouver International Airport cannot take off until visibility clears up to the point where airline jets can take off.—*Seattle Times.*

So there it is, folks!

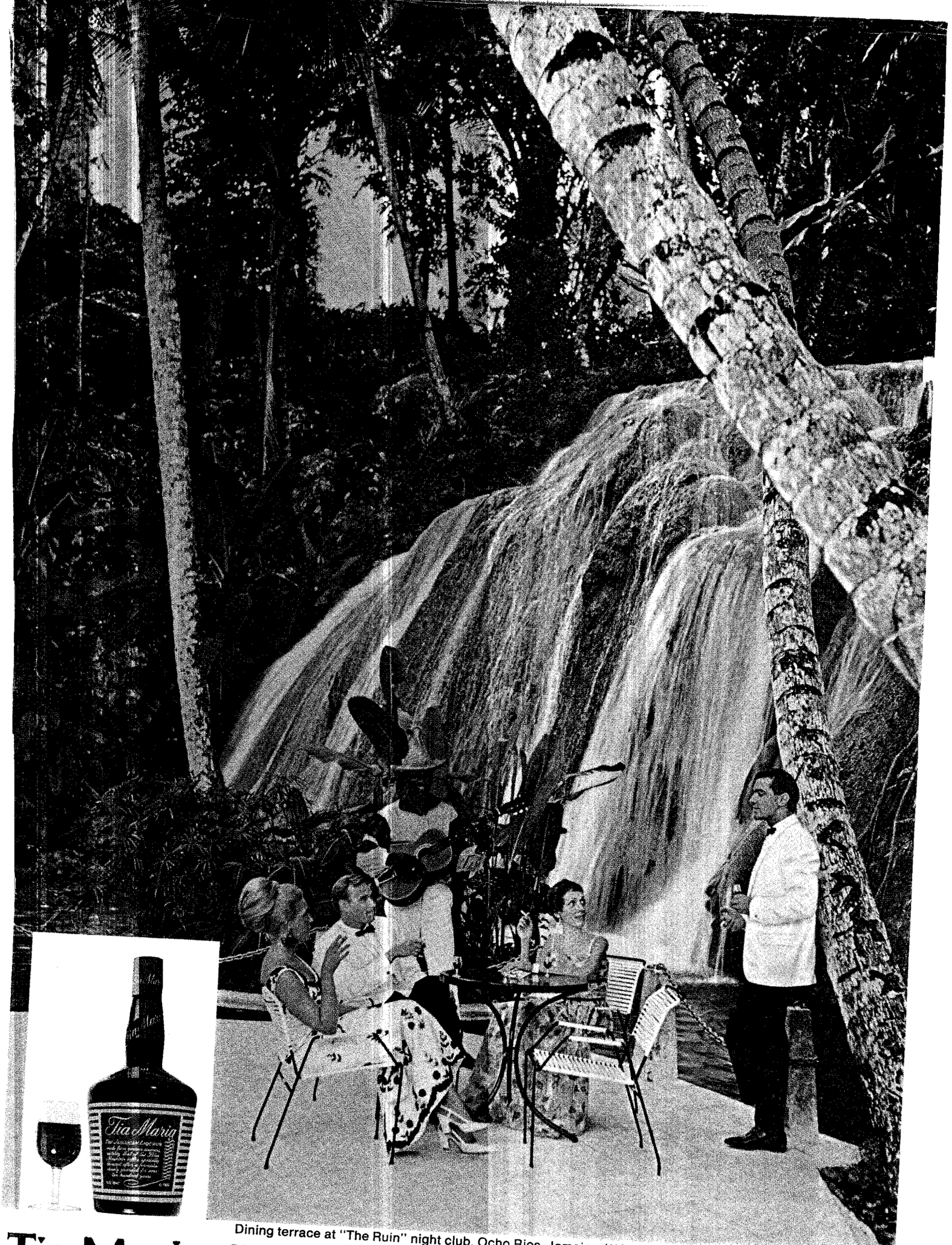
•

SPEWS AGNEW

MANILA (AP)—Taal volcano, which killed hundreds when it erupted five years ago, spewed smoke and rumbled Monday.
—*Omaha World-Herald.*

The righteous rumble of the really revolted?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dining terrace at "The Ruin" night club, Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.

Tia Maria. Jamaica's haunting liqueur

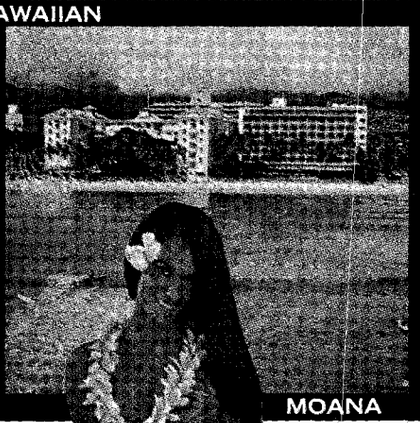
W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK, N. Y. 63 PROOF.

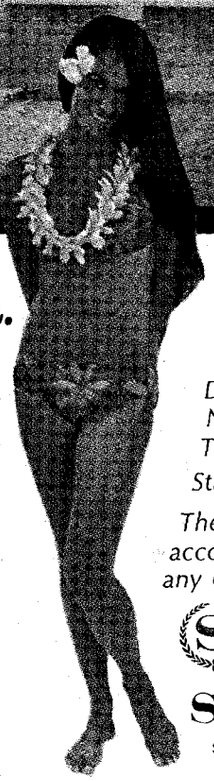
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROYAL HAWAIIAN

SURFRIDER

PRINCESS KAIULANI


MOANA



This year go to the beach. Sheraton's beach. Waikiki.

Four Sheraton hotels, all within a block of each other, put you in the center of Waikiki excitement.

Daytime surfing, swimming, sunning. Nighttime dining, entertainment, dancing. That's Waikiki Beach. Sheraton's beach.

Stay at one. Play (and charge) at all four.

The best of Waikiki, at a wide variety of accommodations and prices, is yours at any one of the four Sheraton Hotels.

For reservations, call 800-325-3535 (toll free) or have your travel agent call for you.

Sheraton Hotels in Hawaii

Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns. A Worldwide Service of ITT

VISIT NEIGHBOR ISLANDS, TOO . . . AND ENJOY SHERATON'S OTHER MEMORABLE BEACH HOTELS: **SHERATON-MAUI** ON KAANAPALI BEACH, MAUI AND **SHERATON-KAUAI** ON POIPU BEACH, KAUAI.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED